

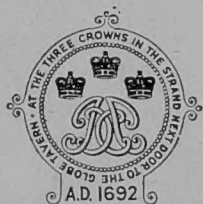


THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 29 Jan. 1964

news
from
the
snow
slopes



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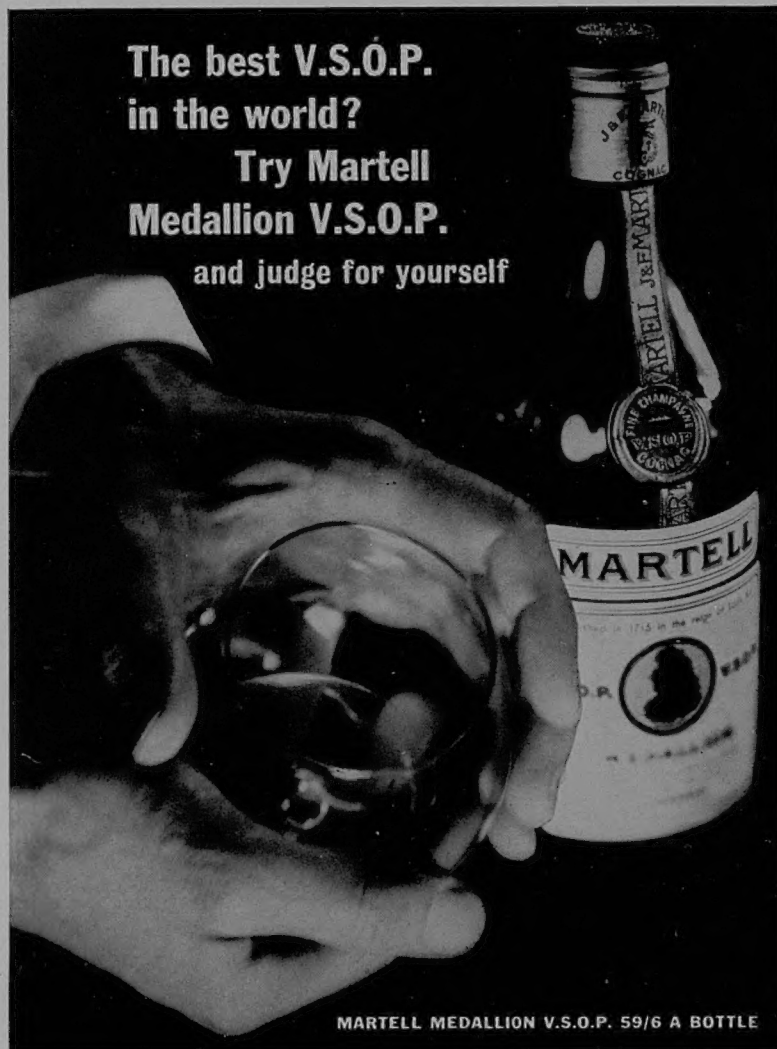
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Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3257

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JOHN OLIVER

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IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: Fashion for brides by Unity Barnes; weddings in London by Muriel Bowen; the Club behind Cruft's by Morris Newcombe; winter sports at Wengen



Cover girl with the coolest of good looks has equipped herself against Alpine rigours with the warmest of fur-shadowed hoods by Femina Furs. Barry Warner took the picture to set the theme of winter sports now at full pace from Verbier to Davos, Wengen to St. Moritz with a good many stopping-off places in between for adepts on skis, skates and toboggans. Turn to page 199 for the latest news from the snow slopes supplied in words by Muriel Bowen and pictures by Desmond O'Neill

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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 5 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511.)

Downside, Ascot & Ampleforth dance, Grosvenor House, 5 February.

The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster's reception, Savoy, 10 February.

Ladybird Ball, Savoy, 11 February.

Canadian University Society of Great Britain dance at Quaglino's, 11 February. (Details, Mr. Dixon, WHI 8831.)

St. Valentine's Ball, Guildhall, Cambridge, 14 February, in aid of the U.N. Children's Fund. (Double tickets, £3 3s., from Mr. D. Harriss, Christ's College.)

Candlelight evening, Hurlingham Club, with steel band and bistro food, 15 February.

Wine and Food Society dinner, Quaglino's, 18 February. (Details, Mr. H. Johnson, PAD 9042.)

George Washington Birthday Ball, the Dorchester, 20 February. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner & wine, MAY 7400.)

Hunt Balls: R.A. College Beagles, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 7 February; **Vine**, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 14 February. (Tickets, Mrs. Peter Wiggin, Ashe House, Overton, Hants.) **Grafton**, Courteenhall, 28 February.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Sandown Park, today; Windsor, 31 January, 1 February; Stratford-on-Avon, Sedgefield, Doncaster, 1 February; Nottingham, 3, 4 February; Haydock Park, 5, 6 February; Wincanton, 6 Feb.

POINT-TO-POINTS

Bullington Club, Crowell, Berks; **Staff College & R.M.A.**, Tweseldown, Aldershot, 15 February. **United Services**, Larkhill, 21, 22 February.

RUGBY

Wales v. Scotland, Cardiff, 1 February.

England v. Ireland, Twickenham, 8 February.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Giselle*, tonight; *La Fête Etrange*, *Diversions*, *The Firebird*, 31 January; *Les Sylphides*, *Antigone*, *The Invitation*, 3, 6 February, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066).

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, 4, 7 February, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Hallé Orchestra, cond. Leonard, 8 p.m., tonight; Berlin Philharmonic, cond. von Karajan, 8 p.m., 31 January, 1 & 3 February; Erick Friedman (piano), 3 p.m., 2 February; Philharmonia, cond. Klemperer, 7.30 p.m., 2 February; London Philharmonic, cond. Boult, 8 p.m., 4 February. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. L.P.O., cond. Boult, with Bohnke (piano), 7.45 p.m., 31 January (repeat 7 February). (KEN 8212.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Idomeneo*, tonight & 31 January, 5 February; *Girl of the Golden West*, 1 February, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3).

Victoria & Albert Museum. Melos Ensemble, 7.30 p.m., 2 February. (WEL 8418.)

Lunchtime concert, Bishops-gate Institute. Thomas Rajna (piano), 1.5-1.50 p.m., 4 February.

LECTURES

"What makes fashion?" by Hardy Amies, Royal Society

of Arts, Adelphi, 6 p.m., 5 February. (Tickets, apply Secretary, TRA 2366.)

ART

Goya & his times, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to March.

Goya etchings & lithographs, British Museum, to 29 February.

Ruskin & his circle, Arts Council Gallery, to 15 February.

Old Master drawings, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., to 8 February.

EXHIBITIONS

Racing car show, Olympia, to 1 February.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court. *Spoon River*, 4 February.

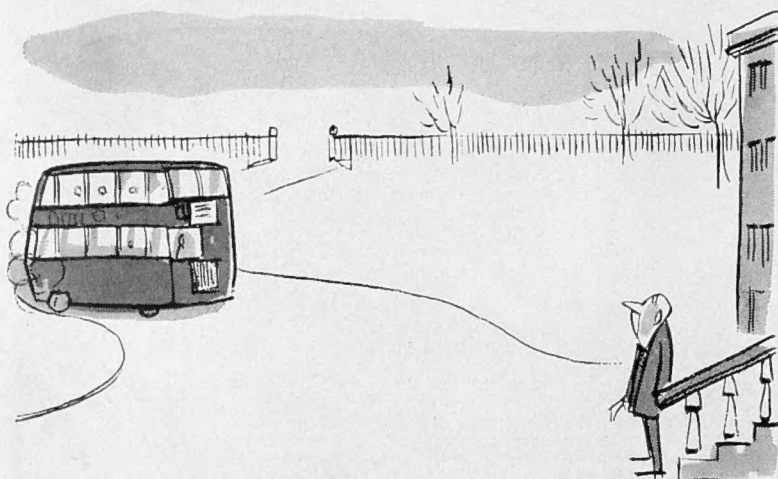
Mermaid. *The Bacchae*, 5 February.

Piccadilly. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* 6 February.



Actress Julie Christie, last year voted the best newcomer to British films by the Film Critics Guild for her performance in *Billy Liar*, has joined the Royal Shakespeare Company playing Luciana in the Aldwych production of *The Comedy of Errors*

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES TO EAT

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original. Open 19 hours a day,
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making a speciality of the sort
of food you want after the
theatre. The *à la carte* menu
includes fruit juices, soups,
eggs and bacon, a gammon
grill—which, like the tomato
soup, was excellent—grill
steaks, salads and sweets. It is
fully licensed and there is red
and white wine at 2s. 6d. a glass
and ale and lager on draught.

The decor is most entertain-
ing. The tables are black and
white clock faces, with black
banquettes, and there is a
horse-shoe bar for those in a
hurry. A large photo mural
shows two clock faces, and 12
gilt antique clocks are arranged
round the room on brackets,
all set at two o'clock—double
time. Pancakes, sweet and
savoury, are on the menu, also
a choice of six kinds of sand-
wiches. Service is up to the
very high Lyons standard.

Angus Steak House, 15, War-
dour Street, Leicester Square
end. (GER 4477). When the social
history of the fifties and sixties
comes to be written, there
should be a chapter on the re-
vival of the steak and chop
house. This, like others, fulfils
the needs of those who want
good meat well cooked, speedy
service, not over-elaborate but
comfortable surroundings, and
reasonable prices. If you allow
2s. for the first course and
half-a-guinea for the main
you will not be far out. The
cole slaw salad at 3s. was good
but the dressing could have
been more piquant, and for me
the coffee stronger. Service
was swift and smiling. It is
fully licensed. There are five
other Angus Steak Houses in
London: for addresses see tele-
phone book.

Oak Room, Harrington Hall
Hotel, 11 Harrington Gardens,
3 minutes from Gloucester
Road Station. (FRE 4477). Oak
panelled, furnished with admir-
able good taste, quite small,
with banquettes of notable
comfort, a small bar, and the
kitchen beyond it behind a glass
screen. Grills are the speciality,
and my lamb chop was just as

it should have been. So was the
coffee, and the friendly in-
terested service. This kind of
restaurant cannot be cheap,
and the main course runs about
8s. to 17s. 6d. My only adverse
criticism is that the cheese
board seemed unimaginative.
This hotel, incidentally, is one
of considerable elegance, with
high standards of comfort, and
downstairs is another restaur-
ant, one of my old favourites,
and as French as its name—
Chez Cleo.—W.B.

News from Albi

I hear from Albi that one of
my favourite hotels in that
part of France, the **Hostellerie
du Grand Saint-Antoine** has
undergone extensive modernis-
ation and is what the prop-
rietors, La Famille Rieux, call
complètement transformée. M.
Jacques Rieux is a great expert
on the local wines, which, like
Albi with its fortified cathedral
and magnificent permanent ex-
hibition of Toulouse-Lautrec
pictures, are not as well known
as they should be in Britain.

Wine note

On the eve of their 150th anni-
versary, Cockburn Smithes
have added two new ports to
their range—Cockburn's Pride

and Cockburn's Late Bottled
Vintage. The first-named is
27s. 6d. per bottle, being a fine
quality tawny made of ports
whose average age is half-a-
century. The late bottled, cost-
ing 24s., has spent six years in
cask, as compared with the
normal two or three, and this
aids development into a really
rich wine. The late bottled now
on the market was made in
1957, and its price puts the
drinking of vintage port within
the scope of young people of
moderate means. But, alas!
how seldom does one see a fine
decanter of port on a young
man's table.

. . . and a reminder

Octave Room, St. George's
Hotel, Langham Place, (LAN
0111.) Fourteen floors up in
the newest Trust House, with a
wonderful view of London and
their known high standards.

Trader Vic's, London Hilton,
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Midday to 9 p.m., closed
Saturdays and Sundays. A
"must" with many tourists but
also highly popular with many
who work in this part of London.



Joe Tilson, one of four painters chosen to represent Britain
at the Venice Biennale in June, has a one-man show at the
New London Gallery until 15 February

GOING PLACES ABROAD

GRAND TOUR IN MOROCCO



proprietor, contemplates offering cooking lessons and demonstrations for interested guests, something which could be a privilege and a delight. He has created almost a self-contained resort, with riding (they have their own stables) along miles of flat beach; tennis, a night club and the casino, plus the golf club (membership facilities are extended to all guests of the hotel).

Fedala is only a few minutes by road from Casablanca, a city which I found highly attractive. It is still tremendously Frenchy, full of *tabacs* and some good restaurants such as L'Industrie. The nicest of them all are slightly beyond the city, in the appendix resort of Ain-en-Dhiab: Le Doges, La Réserve, and Les Petites Roches, among several. Here, too, are the night clubs: low-lit, hi-fi and twisty.

Casablanca has some wonderful shopping; especially for jewellery. The cobbled streets of the old Jewish quarter are lined with booths in which everything is still made by hand. It is one of the best places in the world to buy gold. I priced an 18-carat gold bracelet at £35, an emerald and gold necklace at £110, and some handsome gold Napoleon pieces at £3. In the state-sponsored crafts shops you find goatskin rugs, woven rugs, and good leather things at fairer prices than those of the more picturesque *souks* of Rabat, Fez and Marrakech. My Arab driver led me away, shaking his head, from what I had naïvely thought to be a bargain in a carpet booth in Marrakech. "I know the Arab smile," he told me, with a glance over his shoulder to a merchant whose sales-face was already turning to thunder.

A good base for a stay in Casablanca is the Mansour Hotel, which is modern, elegant and very comfortable. Indeed, though sparsely planted, for the country is a big one, there is no lack of first-class hotels, service and food. I was rather attracted by El Jadida (marked on some maps by its old name of Mazagan), which is some 100 kilometres south of Casablanca. Once a Portuguese settlement, it is surrounded by 16th-cen-

tury ramparts and contains the eerie but rather impressive Portuguese underground cisterns. The reason for staying there is another Mansour Hotel: new, very white, and well equipped, it has a huge and lovely swimming pool and big gardens full of oleander and hibiscus.

A good main road links Casablanca with Marrakech. The two main hotels of Marrakech, the famous Mahmounia and the smaller but pleasant Menara, have both built swimming pools this year in order to attract a fast-growing summer public. But the appeal of the city still rests on its sunny winter climate, and on the undoubted beauty of its setting, ringed by the white-peaked Atlas mountains. A casino and golf course supplement the ageless appeal of the *souks* as does the Place Djemma el Fna with its flarelit evenings, its storytellers, snake charmers and acrobats, and its glowing braziers full of kebabs, hot cinnamon cakes and other (perhaps preferably) nameless delights.

One day I took the road south, over the mountains to Ouarzazate, on the edge of the desert. The climate, the soil and the people change within a few miles of leaving Marrakech. The mountain women and those of the south are not veiled. They, their men and their children all wear a wonderfully rich blue, and the buildings are the colour of powdered lobster shells. Without doubt this is the most romantic part of Morocco, and for all I know the beginning of something more romantic still: in late May, when I visited the country, all the hotels of the "deep south" were closed, but I have the Gazelle D'Or, at Taroudant, earmarked for a future occasion. As it was, I could have spent more time even at the rather ordinary little Hotel du Sud at Ouarzazate itself, which stays open all year: the desert climate is in an odd way similar to the Alpine one, with the same dry clarity. I found the additional heat no burden at all. I was probably considered no more mad than most English people for insisting on a solitary lunch in an open patio, with the

sun beating down to melt the butter as I watched it.

One of the biggest draws of Morocco is the old city of Fez, which lies about seven hours' drive north from Marrakech. Here I must tread carefully for Fez, apart from being one of the holy cities, is also spoken of as one of the awesome beauties of what we call the East, even though it is in fact due south. I don't intend to be banal when I say that, unfortunately for me, I saw it in a heavy drizzle (which was nobody's fault) and ill-equipped to enjoy its cobbled streets, in high heels (my fault entirely).

From the heights above, the old city, which is strikingly white to behold just as Marrakech is red, looks comfortably small. You enter its maze of streets *via* one of its many gates, in the enforced company of a guide. Soon I saw why. The arm-span alleyways, possibly the most picturesque of all those of the old cities, happen also to be business thoroughfares: you flatten yourself against the wall or dissolve into an open doorway in order to avoid somebody's heels in your ribs, for the businessmen ride mules and donkeys with scant regard for pedestrians. I ploughed through puddles of indelible scarlet and purple dye in the carpet *souk*, and my head was heavy with the stench of leather tanning. Let Fez be, perhaps, the first Moroccan city you explore. If it comes at the end of a long trail you may well feel, as I did, weary to sickening point of bargaining, mint tea, embroidered slippers, and rugs. Any rugs. It was thankfully that I emerged through the last of the old gates into the patio of the old Palais Jamais Hotel, and ordered an iced Cinzano. Fez, you might gather, was my Doctor Fell.

A 300-kilometre journey makes the round trip back from Fez, *via* Meknes and the capital of Rabat, to Casablanca—on mostly excellent roads and through some rather lovely country, it makes an easy day's drive.

Air France flights to Casablanca, *via* Paris, are £49 return by night, or £56 3s. by day.

Morocco attracts rather a different public from that which goes to the rest of North Africa, to Egypt, Tunisia and Libya to catch an early spring. It offers no Carthage, no Leptis Magna and certainly no pyramids. The most westerly of the African countries, it does not even feel particularly African. Its "sales points," to put it crudely, are its wonderful food (a legacy of the French), excellent roads (ditto), a very good winter climate, *grace à Dieu*, and those twin magnets to the sophisticated European, golf and gambling. There are two magnificent courses of European standard, one of them at Fedala (Mohammedia), near Casablanca, and the other at Marrakech. And French-operated casinos similarly; that at Marrakech functioning in winter, the one on the coast during the summer season.

Spring is the time when Morocco's west coast, approached *via* Casablanca, comes into its own. The Miramar hotel at Fedala is already well known to a large Anglo-French contingent: it is one of the best and most comfortable on the whole of the long western seaboard. There is an exotic Moroccan restaurant on the premises as well as a superb French kitchen. You can order whatever you like but the hotel has that rare thing, a good *table d'hôte*. M. Lambert, the



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THE
TATLER
29 JANUARY
1964

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International 26



To a generation conditioned to film titles like *Boccaccio 70* or Fellini's terser *8½*, International 26 should require no further explanation. To Britain's ski women it means at once the 26th International Ladies' Ski Races held this year on the Eiger Glacier in the shadow of the fateful Eiger North Wall. This was a new venue for the race chosen because of the—at time of writing—international shortage of snow. Desmond O'Neill's pictures overleaf show the British team in action during the Grand Slalom. Members above are, from left, Diana Tomkinson (reserve), Tania Heald, Gina Hathorn, Jane Gissing and Divina Galica. The Wetterhorn provides a backdrop to their stroll through Grindelwald. Muriel Bowen talks to the British women's team on page 203

International 26 continued

- 1 Divina Galica raises a minor snowstorm as she leaves a gate in the Grand Slalom
- 2 Diana Tomkinson in Grindelwald looks at a local photographer's shots of the race
- 3 Wendy Farrington, captain of the British team, stacks her skis after racing. In the background, the grim Eiger mountain
- 4 Anna Asheshov and Gina Hathorn outside their hotel
- 5 Jane Gissing comes through a gate in the Slalom
- 6 Pat Waller waxes her skis
- 7 Mrs. Sue Holmes, the British team manager, buys a newspaper before leaving Grindelwald station en route for Austria
- 8 Dr. Harold Davis, a former president of the Eagle Ski Club, and his daughter Caroline leaving Grindelwald for a day on the slopes
- 9 The Hon. Neil Hogg, brother of Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P., and the only British resident in Grindelwald, brews up on a portable stove while acting as a race gate keeper in the Slalom



1



2



3

5



4 6

7/8/9

Two royal wins

The presence of the Queen Mother at the second day of Sandown's first New Year meeting was signaled by victory for two of her horses, Makaldar, winner of the Village 4-year-old Hurdle, and Super Fox, first in the Cardinal Handicap

1 The Queen Mother's winning horse, Makaldar, with D. Mould up, is led into the unsaddling enclosure

2 Mr. Raymond Guest whose horse, Flying Wild, won the main race of the day, the Stone's Ginger Wine Handicap

3 Mrs. D. M. Wells-Kendrew, whose horse Dormant was running in the day's main event, with her trainer, Mr. Neville Crump

4 Miss Ann Smyth-Pigott, daughter of Lt.-Col. B. P. Smyth-Pigott, whose horse Algeria won the first race



3

4

News from the snow slopes by Muriel Bowen

SNOW and skis have their own fascination, but getting to the top isn't easy even for the talented. I discussed the difficulties with some of the British Olympic women's team at Grindelwald.

"While you are doing it you want to do well," said TANIA HEALD, tiny, 20-year-old who rushes down a mountainside like a human javelin—she is in fact our fastest downhill racer. "But I shall not be sorry to give it up when I marry in April," she told me.

High speed ski-ing requires great courage, lightning reactions, and long, slow and patient training. "But it has been fun," Miss Heald went on. "Even though the training has been so continuous, every day including Sundays and exercises most of the summer." These top class ski-ing girls reckon to spend about five months of the year in the snow, training and racing all the time.

SWIVEL-HIP SLALOM

After Tania's marriage to London civil engineering consultant, GILES DEREHAM "he's not coming to the Olympics; as we are guarded all the time he feels he would never see me!"), she will have more time for his sport—riding. Indeed before taking to skis Tania Heald was herself one of the star pupils produced by Miss SYBIL SMITH to win the riding school class at the Royal Richmond and other horse shows.

Last summer two of our Olympic girls took to serious training in the Welsh mountains. DIVINA GALICA, 19, and ANNA ASHESHOV, 22, kept at peak fitness by running and walking in the mountains. Their stamina was such, the story goes, that an Army unit trying to do the same very nearly left Wales with an inferiority complex! Divina, and JANE GISSING, 20, are the girls with the swivelling hips, the slalom experts.

WILL TO WIN

DIANA TOMKINSON, who trained for the Olympics and just failed to gain a place on the team, pays her own ski-ing way. Diana, a tall, lissom brunette of 21 with marvellous dimples, is the twin daughter of Mrs. W. R. TOMKINSON, herself a top class skier and chairman of the Kandahar Club, and granddaughter of LADY BLANE, who for years and years has been a pillar of Villars.

"Daddy—who golfs and doesn't ski—said that I could go on ski-ing if I could pay for it," Diana told me. She reckoned the cost of five months on the slopes as £250, and that was what she managed to save after working at sports goods exhibitions all summer.

THE EARLY STARTERS

There were glowing comments from

some of the foreigners for GINA HATHORN, the most promising British ski hope for many years. She is a protégée of COL. BILL MURPHY and the St. Moritz junior training scheme.

Blonde, 17-year-old Gina told me that she will race until April. She added, "Then, after that, I'm supposed to be coming out." Her mother, Mrs. JOHN HATHORN, is giving a dance for her at their home in Hampshire on 20 June. Most of to-day's top skiers first put on skis when they were very young. Divina Galica was four and Gina Hathorn five. But the team's manager, Mrs. SUE HOLMES—she is an interpreter at the British Consulate-General in Frankfurt—first tried ski-ing at 21 and represented Britain at the 1956 Olympics five years later!

BROTH OF A SKIER

What is it like switching from racing to managing? "My great concern is to keep the girls happy. If they are happy they will ski well." She tells me that their off-skis passion is Beatle music, and before they go from one resort to the next the L.P. records are packed as carefully as the skis. The girls are devoted to Mrs. Holmes. "She is so marvellously efficient, she thinks of everything," Jane Gissing told me.

The Grindelwald races were not only run in difficult conditions—"we went over grass, rocks and solid ice," 22-year-old WENDY FARRINGTON told me—but they were also held in Arctic weather conditions.

One of the judges, THE HON. NEIL HOGG, brother of Mr. QUINTIN HOGG, M.P., skied into position with a miniature cooker strapped to his back. During the five minute interval when the run was being repaired he was able to light up and heat some beef broth. "I am afraid it may appear rather eccentric, but I do have hot soup," he told me.

THE EAGER EAGLES

Some years ago Mr. Hogg gave up the Foreign Office ("it had become obvious that I wasn't getting anywhere I wanted to get") and took a villa on the outskirts of Grindelwald. He says the local Swiss have a unique understanding of the British. They say that he speaks the most beautiful English and that they like to listen to him talk. As honorary secretary of the Eagle Ski Club he's the local expert on ski-ing off the *piste*. In spring the Eagle skiers traverse ranges of mountains, often staying out a week and stopping overnight at mountain rest huts. "Yes indeed," says Mr. Hogg. "We do have some nice little strolls."

At the Grand Hotel Regina I stayed in comfort, enjoyed very good food, and danced to the music of an Italian band

in the bar. The Regina has one of those all too rarely found pleasures of a resort hotel—a huge log fire which blazes all day regardless of the weather.

Mr. & Mrs. JASPER EADES from Warwickshire and their three children were at the Grand Hotel Regina while I was there, also Mr. & Mrs. J. E. V. RICE from Kent and their daughter ANNE, Mr. & Mrs. MICHAEL MCCARRY and their three children, Mr. JOHN OSBORN, and a party of young officers from B.A.O.R. A large English contingent was due the day I left, including LORD TREVOR and Mr. NEVILLE SCOTT.

SPRING ON THE EIGER

Grindelwald is probably at its best in February and March when the sun comes over the top of the Eiger and beats down on the little village which nestles in the folds of the Alps below.

The great meeting spot of the British in Grindelwald is the Steuri Pinta (sometimes called the Spotted Cat), the best known pub in the village. People congregate there from about 5 p.m. onwards. At her "office"—a large table with a Union Jack in the bar of the Bahnhof Hotel, I met Miss PAT WALLER, a very pretty girl who is the Ski Club's representative at Grindelwald until the end of February. She had just arrived from ski-ing at Seefeld and St. Anton, at both of which she told me she had a very gay time.

Miss Waller likes "repping" so much that she takes a job for half the year so she can spend five or six months in Austria and Switzerland. Last summer she worked in advertising; the year before she was a personal assistant at the Mansion House.

TOURING MAN

While I was talking to Miss Waller several English visitors dropped in, including Mrs. J. H. BURGESS who is enjoying her ski-ing while her husband hunts. He is joint-Master of the Woodland Pytchley. DR. HAROLD DAVIS also came in. He had taken his 15-year-old daughter, CAROLINE, to Grindelwald for a ski-ing holiday. "Apart from the war years I've been coming to Grindelwald about 30 years now. I wouldn't miss it," Dr. Davis told me. He is a great touring man and last year he was president of the Eagle Ski Club.

Russians, Swedes, Americans and even skiers from India bustled through the main street of Grindelwald in mini buses or on foot. But nobody rode more majestically about the village than Mr. BUD MITCHELL from Godalming and his wife, a former Swiss ski champion. They had sent their Rolls-Royce out from England and its registration number is BUD 1.

Come blow your horn

The Cotswold Hunt Junior Ball was held at Rossley Manor, Cheltenham, the home of Major-Gen. & Mrs. N. A. Coxwell-Rogers. Though the age limit was fixed from 12 to 80 the majority of dancers were in the lower age group and enjoyed supper and dancing. To prove that the youngsters know their business, however, a horn-blowing competition was held

1 Miss Rosemary Hicks-Beach, Mrs. Jackie Brutton, joint-Master of the Cotswold Hunt, and Miss Anne Carey

2 Miss Lucinda Hellyer and Peter Boone

3 Miss Sarah Cleland, who won the horn blowing championship

4 Mr. Julian Grassie and Miss Edwina Dodwell

5 Miss Lavender Davie and Mr. Richard Parker Bowles who won a brace of pheasants

6 Mr. Nicholas Howell and Miss Andrea Riley

7 Miss Margherita Gifford and her brother Mr. Peter Gifford

8 Miss Patricia Barnfield and Mr. Martin Dodwell

9 Keith and David Arbuthnot and Miss Clare Rust



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PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

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The Buccleuch's night out

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt Ball was held at the Ednam House Hotel, Kelso

- 1 Mr. H. Scott-Plummer, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Scott-Plummer
- 2 Miss Diana Harmar and Mr. Matt Prentice
- 3 Lord Polwarth and Mrs. J. R. F. McKenzie, secretary of the ball committee
- 4 Brigadier F. B. B. Noble, the Duchess of Roxburghe and Mrs. Melrose
- 5 Mrs. W. V. Burdon and Mrs. W. Murray
- 6 Lady Polwarth with Brigadier & Mrs. Norman McCorquodale
- 7 Miss Joanna Marshall and Mr. M. Falkiner



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PHOTOGRAPHS: IAN CAMERON

Letter from Scotland

A Festival of Scotland is to be held in Cannes early next month and if the venue sounds surprising the reason is that the Festival will commemorate the 130th anniversary of the first visit there of Lord Brougham, the Scottish peer who "discovered" the resort for British visitors. More than 160 Scots with interests in industry, commerce, local government, sport and tourism will attend. Mr. Kenneth Gumley secretary of the Royal Forth Yacht Club, who picked the Yachting Team, explained, "There is no Scottish Sailing Association as such, so we have tried to make the team as representative of Scottish sailing interests as possible."

Included in the team is Lady Anne Coventry, of Abernethy, secretary of the Scottish Dinghy Association. Two husband-and-wife teams are also in the party. They are Mr. & Mrs. A. M. M. Stephen of Houston, Renfrewshire, and Prof. & Mrs. T. L. Cottrell of Edinburgh. "My parents were keen on cruising and I was taken sailing when I was still a baby in long clothes," Mrs. Cottrell told me. Her husband, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, owed his first allegiance to flying but took up sailing to please his wife. "I was never very happy about flying," she confessed. "I was always awfully glad to get back to the ground again." Now her husband is, if anything, more enthusiastic than she is—particularly about racing. "We used to take turn about to steer at races; now my husband always steers," said Mrs. Cottrell. Their two sons, aged 10 and 7, are also keen on sailing. "That's another advantage over flying. The family can come too." The Cottrells' first boat was the *Pleiad*. Since then they've had "lots of fun" in a *Dragon*. The Cannes trip will not be the first time they have represented

their country abroad. A few years ago they sailed for Scotland against the Norwegians at Bergen.

CARS AT THE FIFE

The Hunt Ball season is in full swing just now with members showing amazing reserves of energy—dancing until the small hours and then up (or, maybe, never to bed!) in time for the meet the same morning. The Fife Hunt Ball, held on a recent Friday evening in the County Buildings, Cupar, drew about 350 guests of whom quite a number were mounted next morning at Gilston, home of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Baxter. There were also a great many foot followers, car followers, too. Lady Gilmour, wife of Sir John Gilmour who is joint-Master of the Hunt, was one of the car followers. Her husband and son were riding. "There are such a lot of visitors for the ball and many of them are mounted for the hunt, but quite a lot of them don't know the countryside at all. That's where the people with cars come in useful," Lady Gilmour told me.

The ball itself was a great success and the County Buildings burst into unaccustomed gay life with a buffet and bar in the Court Room and dancing in the grave-faced Council Chamber itself. The flowers which went a long way towards working the transformation were all arranged by a hunting member, Miss Valerie Russell, who recently completed her training in floral art in London and is now "free-lancing" in decorating from her parents' home near Cupar.

This year's ball president was Mr. Robert McCrone of Pitlever House, Charleston. His supper party included the Earl & Countess of Lindsay; the Earl & Countess of Dundee; Sir William Anstruther-Gray (Deputy-Speaker to the House of

Commons), & Lady Anstruther-Gray (joint-Master of the Fife Hunt); Lord & Lady Bruce; Sir John & Lady Gilmour; Sir Roger Makins; and Major & Mrs. Alastair Nairn.

FRIENDS OF THE BALLET

Miss Marjory Middleton tells me she is about to launch a *Friends of the Ballet* group. Miss Middleton has been Director of the Scottish Ballet School for nearly 35 years and has been running the Scottish Ballet Club for about 20 years. Small wonder that at the New Year she received the M.B.E. in recognition of her services to ballet in Scotland.

But Miss Middleton is once more facing the sad fact that ballet doesn't seem to pay in Scotland. The impressive *Pavane for Mary*, a ballet based on the life of Queen Mary of Scotland, had its first act only performed last year—very courageously—in Edinburgh's Lyceum Theatre. "It was a great success every way but financially," observed Miss Middleton ruefully. "We're going to produce the second act about the end of May, even though we've no money. And we're hoping to do it in the Lyceum again." They were, incidentally, £1,500 "in the red" over last year's effort but already, by dint of coffee mornings, bazaars, sales of work, "anything that will raise money," they've reduced the burden to £120. But the hand-to-mouth existence gets a bit wearing in time, even for enthusiasts like Marjory Middleton—hence the *Friends of the Ballet* with its accompanying hopeful covenants. "We're hoping to find some kind people who won't expect anything from us—except four lectures a year by me about ballet—and that they will give us an assured income over the next seven years," Miss Middleton told me. J.P.



a cabin at Klosters



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Klosters, in the Graubünden Valley, shares with Davos the magnificent Parsenn ski-runs. For decades British families have spent Christmas and New Year on the slopes below the Weissfluh and the Gotschnagrät but come mid-January—and back-to-school-time—the foreign element at Klosters is down to the hard core of residents, mostly English and American, who stay the year round there. Among semi-permanent residents (between films and books) are writers Irwin Shaw, Françoise Sagan and Peter Viertel, husband of actress Deborah Kerr and one of the first colonists. Two focal points at Klosters are the bar at the Chesa Grischuna and the Five to Five Club

where the 15 founder members each have an ancient Swiss safe in which to keep their opened bottles. Names of visiting celebrities at the Hotel Silvretta make the guest book a casting director's dream. Between holiday visitors and foreign residents come the long-stay people who go there either to work in the season or because they've been making the trip for so many years that they could not think of skiing anywhere else. The permanent residents, which means the Swiss, take the various invasions with characteristic calm. Their chief interest lies in the proposed new ski lift which will link their runs with those of the Austrians which lie on the other side of the mountains

American writer Irwin Shaw—*The Young Lions, Two Weeks in Another Town*—spends each morning writing in a tiny cabin at the bottom of his garden at Chalet Mia, Klosters. His wife (*below right*) is an accomplished artist who has painted many pictures of the district. One of her pictures hangs behind her on the wall chalet



French-born Mrs. Tadeusz Tobolski lives in London but bought the Chalet Grisonella at Klosters in 1946. Her guests are encouraged to sign the floor instead of a guest book and a good many famous names have accumulated. Her daughter Jessica Nolan, 4½ (*above left*) is seen unloading her skis from her mother's car

American writer Peter Viertel and his wife, British-born actress Deborah Kerr, live at the Chalet Wyher Gut (Good Weir) at Klosters. There are trout in the small lake below their home. Viertel, whose mother wrote most of the scripts for the Garbo films, works at the chalet and is currently reading proofs for a new book to be published next month



Baron and Baroness Bentinck built the Chalet Eugenia at Klosters five years ago. The Baron was until recently Dutch Ambassador in London. His wife, a sister of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, inherited some of the pictures from the famous Thyssen Collection. A 15th-century German primitive of the Madonna & Child hangs in the dining room of the chalet



Mrs. Richard Stickney, former top British model Juanita Forbes, and her 2-year-old son Francis, were photographed on the balcony of their flat at Klosters where they spend part of the winter. The Stickneys also have a flat in Rome and their new London home in a former Elizabethan alehouse off Chiswick Mall will be ready for them in a few weeks' time



Miss Caroline Macfarlane, on a balcony against the clock tower, leads an active life at Klosters, predictably since she is the representative of the Ski Club of Great Britain there. In the summer she works at Glyndebourne, helping with administrative duties during the season of opera

GUARDIANS



Harrow-on-the-Hill is a green island in a rising tide of grey suburbia. The school is its heartbeat and round it cluster a handful of charming streets where only the traffic and modern lampstandards are reminders of the 20th century. But there are threats to the quiet green slopes. No one is frightened of developments as such, but the dominant question is how expansion will take place. Malcolm Aird took the pictures. J. Roger Baker talked to some residents

OF THE HILL



SINCE civilization began, hills have played a pivotal part in its development. Castles and cathedrals crown them: to the warrior they were positions of strength, to the priest sacred places. But as the towns grew and villages merged, the hilltop sites gradually ceased to be the nerve centre of the settlement and became rather a place of retreat cut off, by its very nature (the cathedral close, for example), from the course of life below. Because of this it is usually the highest parts of towns that are the oldest and also the least changed over the years. Lincoln with its cathedral and Warwick with its castle are immediate examples, but half an hour from central London stands a smaller and more intimate specimen. Harrow Hill is the highest point in Middlesex, a leafy island lapped by the sprawling northern suburbs.

The Hill has changed little over the past 50 years; it is a different world from the suburbia at its feet. On it stand a church, a school, a handful of pretty streets. One theory of the origination of the name Harrow is that it is derived from the ancient British word for hill—"ard". Another theory prefers the Anglo-Saxon "hearh" meaning a temple or sacred grove, which were frequently sited on hills. On Harrow Hill lives a quiet, self-contained society, still in its way guarding the slopes from new invasions.

To the world, Harrow means a school, and the school is the heart of Harrow-on-the-Hill and governs its character. It was a former headmaster, Dr. R. W. Moore, who said: "What we've tried to do on the hill is to preserve the atmosphere of a small university town." This is precisely how it must strike the casual visitor,



especially during term time. The school buildings are scattered, which means a constant traffic of boys in the street, diving into the school tuck shop, rushing down to the playing fields, pausing for a coke or just moving between lessons. "One is very conscious of them, the place is full of life when they are here," comments the vicar, the Rev. Guy Whitcombe. Not only are the school buildings clustered over the hill but there are its shops too—the tailors, with white straw hats with their characteristic shallow crowns displayed through the glazing bars, and the school bookshop where Sir Robert Peel once had rooms.

It is inevitable that social life on the Hill is centred around the school and there is an easy relationship between, to continue the university image, town and gown. Many residents are invited to

school functions, to dine, to attend the annual Shakespeare play, and are given permission to use the school's swimming pool—the largest privately owned one in Europe—during the holidays. "This can lead to snobbishness," one resident pointed out, "with people desperately trying to get accepted into the school's social life. It is frequently an inbred society and masters are welcomed as a breath of air from the outside."

One cool gust is Mr. John Rae who teaches history and English at Harrow and has lived on the Hill for eight years. He finds that as the school houses are spread out the staff avoids the feeling of a closed community. As an author who deals, in his books and in broadcasts, with potentially controversial themes,

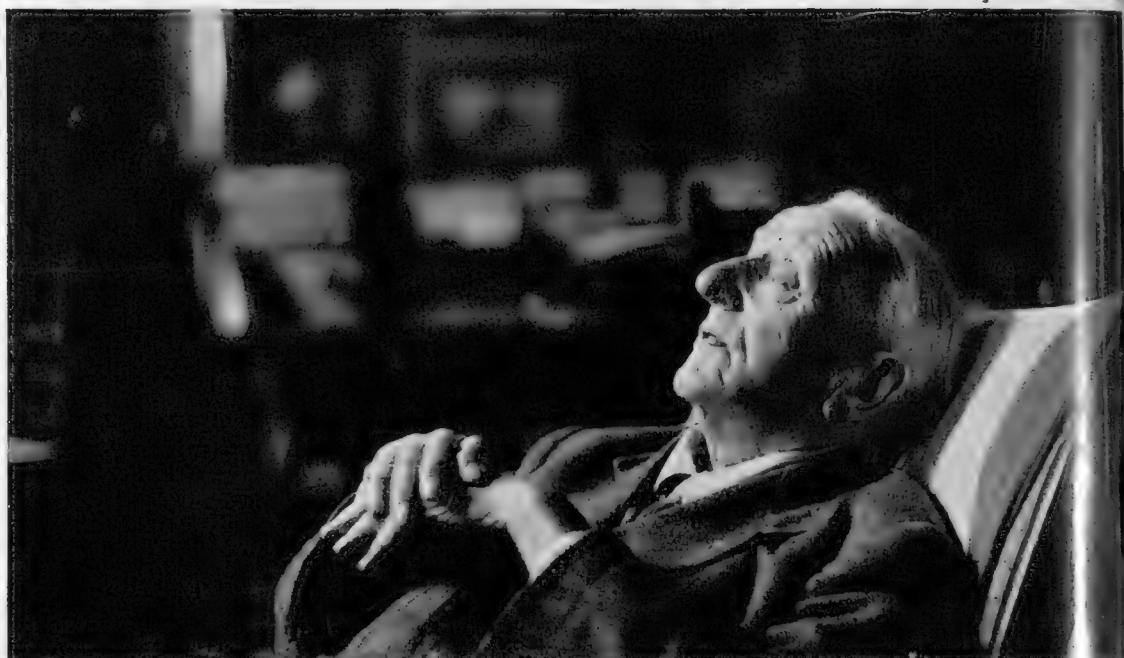
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Right: The Rev. Guy Whitcombe is the vicar of St. Mary's, the church on the Hill. He has been there for two years and finds Harrow "a typical village." His church is Norman and was founded by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of William the Conqueror, and is therefore one of the oldest in the London area. Byron's daughter Allegra is buried beneath the church porch.



Below: Boys of Harrow school pause for a quick coke on the terrace of the school's tuckshop. The straw hats superseded top hats just over a century ago. At first there were no specifics for dimension, but one boy had one made as large as a cartwheel and trundled it through the street. After that it was decided there should be a two-inch crown and a three-inch brim

Mr. Arthur Gardner is one of the oldest residents of the Hill and also one of those most responsible for its present appearance. He owns much of the land on the Hill and it is due to him that development has not taken place as in the surrounding suburbs. He is a governor of Orley Farm School and has given them some of his land for use as playing fields





Trio of headmasters: there are three schools on Harrow Hill of which the most famous is Harrow school itself, founded by John Lyon in 1572. The headmaster (*below left*) is Dr. R. L. James. In 1868, Harrow's "English Form," founded by Dr. Vaughan in 1853, was absorbed by the Lower School of John Lyon. Since then it has been an independent public school under the management of a committee appointed by the governors of Harrow school. There are 400 boys in the school and the headmaster is Mr. R. F. B. Campbell (*top right*). Orley Farm preparatory school was founded in 1851. Later it moved into Anthony Trollope's old farmhouse and took its title from the novel. The headmaster is Mr. J. P. M. Ellis (*top left*).



Right: Mr. John Rae teaches history and English at Harrow, also coaches rugby and swimming. Has four young daughters; Emily, and climbing over him here Siobhan, Penelope, Alyce—is also a J.P. Harrow is now one of the biggest divisions in the country. He believes the future of Harrow Hill rests entirely with the future of the school. **Far right:** Mrs. Maurice Brown has two antique shops on the Hill, with her husband has restored several old houses in the neighbourhood



Mr. Philip Boas, Head of Latin at Harrow, and Mr. David Elliot who lives on the High Street, discuss a local council project involving a new traffic system for the Hill. Mr. Elliot is secretary of the Harrow Hill Trust formed to guard the Hill against Philistine developments

Right: Residents all keep their own property in repair and Mr. Walter Hanlon, a television lighting director, spends much of his leisure time up a ladder keeping in order his own Georgian house in West Street. **Far right:** But Harrow Hill is not all old houses; new people are moving in, and for them blocks of modern flats like these are rising fast. The residents welcome expansion and new blood, but hope the existing architecture will not be spoiled by lack of planning and design



Mr. David Jones lives at Northwick Lodge on Peterborough Hill and is generally regarded as the only genius in the area. He won a Hawthornden prize for his difficult novel *In Parenthesis* and his bed-sitter is crowded with his paintings, which he refuses to part with

Mr. R. G. Gates, Minerva and his dog Skippy. Mr. Gates farms at Northolt but prefers to live in his cottage on Byron Hill Road



Mr. Arthur Crook, editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* lives in one of the most beautiful houses on the Hill. His wife's grandfather was the Rev. Done Bushell, chaplain of the school and house-master of Rendalls House, and has therefore family connections with the Hill. His house is late Georgian



he finds a refreshing freedom within school society. "Often when people find out I teach at Harrow they assume the school would object to my broadcasting," he told me, "but this is not so at all." Mr. Rae also summed up the particular appeal Harrow-on-the-Hill has for its residents when he said: "My wife would prefer to live right out in the country, and I would like to live right in the middle of London, so this is the ideal compromise."

Harrow Hill is surrounded by a green belt which is not accidental. As far back as the 19th century wise headmasters—notably Dr. Joseph Wood—began to buy up land for the school in order to foil speculative builders. School land, and that owned by local residents such as Mr. Arthur Gardner, one of the Hill's oldest residents, are insurances against encroachment. It is realised, however, that some sort of development is unavoidable and to make sure that such expansion fits in with the present scheme of things the residents formed the Harrow Hill Trust three years ago under the chairmanship of Mr. David Elliot who lives in the High Street.

Mr. Elliot, who is in advertising, is now secretary of the Trust and told me: "We realise there will be development, but we want to prevent the Hill becoming an ugly suburban swamp." A recent triumph for the Trust concerned roads: "The local council put up a one-way scheme to the Ministry of Transport which would have meant several side streets becoming main traffic thoroughfares. We intervened strongly and the Minister rejected the proposals this month."

Other residents guard the tranquil and rural character of the Hill in other ways, mainly by maintaining the houses and preserving the atmosphere of a village. There are no outstanding buildings in the village's domestic architecture, but rather a lovely collection of elegant and well-proportioned houses dating from the later years of the 18th century. A typical resident's reaction to Harrow Hill is shown by Anna Brown who runs the only antique shop on the Hill. She, and her husband Maurice moved to the Hill almost 20 years ago and took a 16th-century cottage on West Street which she opened as a teasop. "There were some antiques there so we started selling them." Later the Browns moved from West Street to the antique shop on the High Street, but together converted and redecorated a number of houses on the Hill. "We have always tried to retain the original appearance of the houses."

But the incursions of a faster way of life are already apparent. More traffic thunders through the narrow streets—"it has increased enormously over the last few years. Sometimes it is impossible to sleep," commented Mrs. Brown—and blocks of modern flats are going up in parts of the Hill. More young people are moving in. "We wanted to start a crèche for young mothers," the vicar told me, "and we immediately drew up a list of thirty or forty couples that we actually knew. The Sunday school is very well attended, too." But developments through flats is limited by the availability of land. Other newcomers find that if you want to add "-on-the-Hill" to your address you must also add a couple of thousand pounds to the price of the house. Harrow-on-the-Hill does not have the popular appeal of say Wimbledon or Richmond, which spread out to their adjacent commons or have the attraction of the river; it is rather a connoisseur's choice.

One can live quietly among charming surroundings. Everywhere magnificent views of the surrounding country are seen. From the terrace of the churchyard—where Byron's daughter Allegra is buried—it is claimed that one can see 13 counties. A brisk 10 minute trot down one of the hillside streets are the shopping facilities of Harrow itself, supermarkets and Underground stations. But the Hill is well guarded at the moment and none of the residents could foresee any change in its character for a long time ahead—so long as the school remains there. As one pointed out: "Should the school move out, Harrow-on-the-Hill is finished."

SURE-FOOTED FOR SPRING

Great new look afoot is strictly a no-nonsense look: chunky low heels slung sensibly over the foot with thick straps, enabling you to stride out on the town as purposefully as Cathy Gale and every bit as glamorously. Rounded, stubby toes counter-balanced by heels set way back; sandals for any hour of the day, with open toes or slingbacks, sometimes both together. Skins making big news are crocodile, lizard and scaly snakeskin; suede makes a great return; raffia, canvas and basket weaves continue the textured look. Unity Barnes chooses great shoe shapes hotfooting it into the shops about now, with drawings by Jill Oakley. Barry Lategan photographs clothes and accessories to wear with them



Jersey suit in donkey brown and white checks has a brown ribbed collar, straight skirt. By Valancay of Paris, 40 gns. at Debenham & Freebody, Teresa Ryan, Chester and Hilda Hanson, Nottingham. Bamboo suede shoes have thick brown stacked heels. 7½ gns. Chestnut suede bag swings from long leather thong handle. 22 gns. Both from Charles Jourdan. Hogskin gloves by Fournes. All hairstyles by Clifford at Harold Leighton, Hampstead.

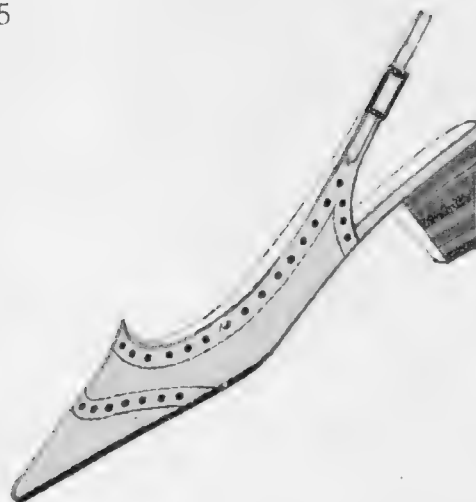
- 1 From Carvel in Paris, an oyster suede shoe with three buckled straps, small thick set heel. 10 gns. at Gerald Mc Mann Boutique
- 2 Country shoe in bitter chocolate suede and calf. By Holmes of Norwich, £3 19s. 11d. at Dickins & Jones
- 3 Scarlet striding shoe, flat sturdy, and very, very young. 7 gns. at Charles Jourdan
- 4 Criss-cross bootlacing on a mahogany leather shoe, with well set-back heel. £3 9s. 11d. at Saxeone

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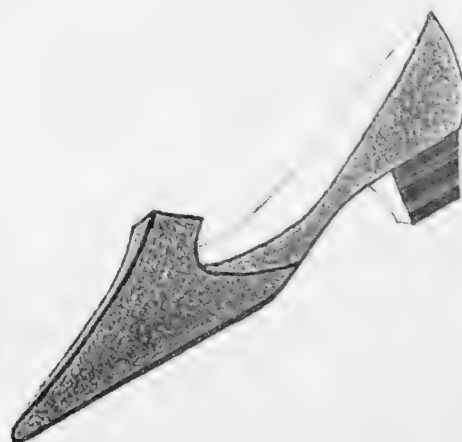
Shoes with a sporting life

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5 Punched toe gives fresh air feeling to a slingback shoe in sandy suede with a broad stacked heel. By Clarks, £3 9s. 11d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth in late February

6



6 Slender shoe in velvety cognac suede sports a high vamp, stacked heel. 7 gns. at Bally, Old Bond Street

7 Pine green and tobacco brown striped webbing bands an olive green suede bag, £19 10s. at Gucci



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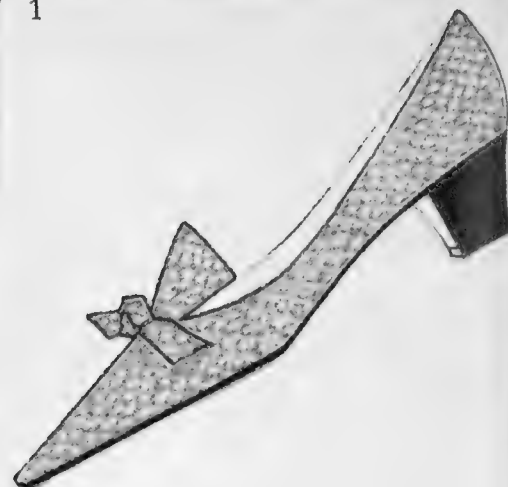


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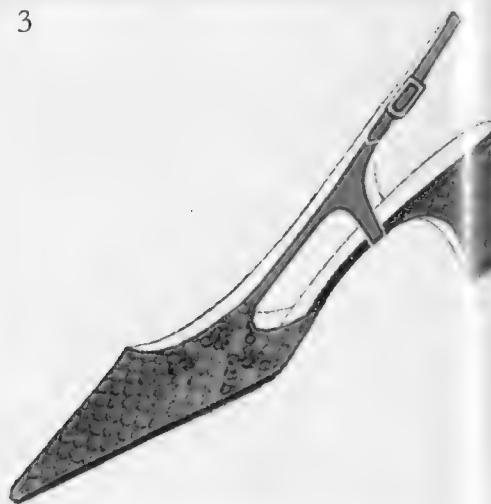
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Country suit comes to town—Norfolk jacket fits smartly over its matching flared skirt in grey Shetland tweed. By Polly Peck, 16 gns. at Harrods; Susan Smart, Manchester; Catherine Martineau, Birmingham. Fine grey straw hat, stitched in white, has a rouleau band and emerald bow. By Christian Dior Chapeaux at Felipe Hats Ltd., 137 Park Road, N.W.8. Shoes with sturdy heels and oval toes in black grained calf by Silvia of Fiorentina, 8½ gns. Black hopsack bag, edged in black leather with double leather handles, £3 15s. 11d. Both at Russell & Bromley

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Textures for town

1 *Wicked lady shoe of scarlet snake makes good with a sober black stacked heel.*

9½ gns. at Charles Jourdan

2 *Basket-woven leather shoe in navy blue with raised vamp and stumpy heel.*

5 gns. at West End branches of Dolcis

3 *Navy whipsnake slingback shoe with closed toe, open sides. £4 9s. 11d. at Russell & Bromley at the end of February*

4 *Brown cobra added to black patent, a high vamp and spat buttons for a sturdy walking shoe by Norvic, £3 19s. 11d. at Norvic, Regent Street*

5 *Keyhole vamp on a black mock-whipsnake shoe designed by Royal College of Art students. £3 9s. 11d. at Lotus & Delta*

6 *Spectator shoe in brown and white lizard has open sides and straight heels. By Sexton Shoes, 8 gns. at Fortnum & Mason in February*

7 *Miniature Gladstone bag in tobacco brown leather is smoothly curved, very chic. 22 gns. at Charles Jourdan*

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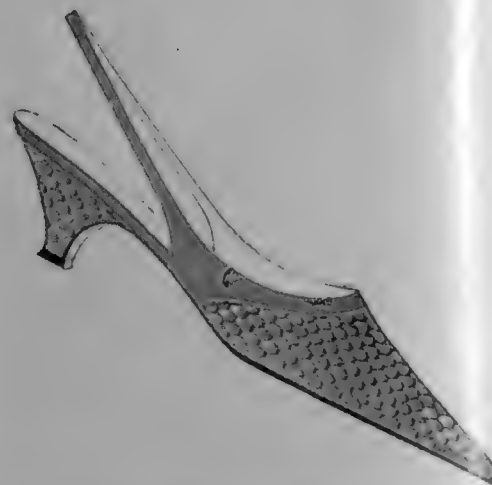
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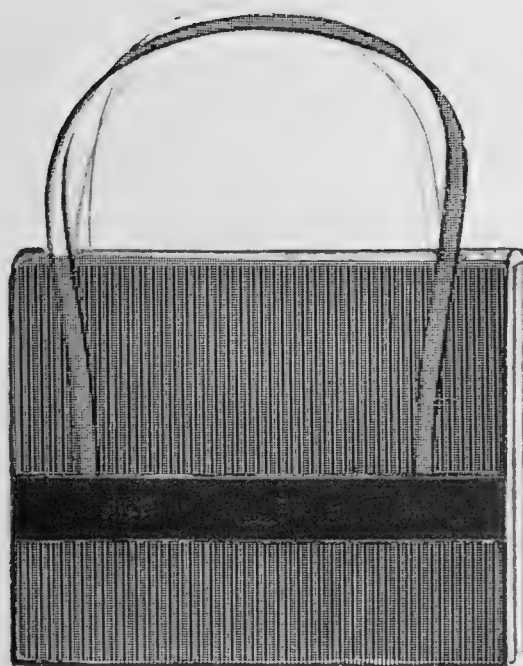
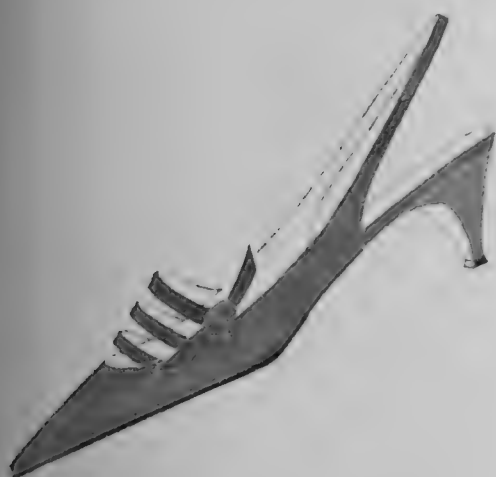
Demure collar and bow in white nylon voile works wonders on a simple black faille dress, buttoning to the waist. By Susan Small, 14 gns. at Dickins & Jones; Freemans, The Sports House, Sherborne; Coronel, Beckenham. Two-row pearl bracelet by Vendôme, 2½ gns. at Harrods. Raised vamps, slender heels on black suede shoes by Roger Vivier, 12 gns. at Rayne, Old Bond Street. Diminutive black crocodile bag with gold loveknot clasp, 56 gns. at Charles Jourdan

Spectator shoe in white mesh with a dash of navy blue, high-heeled and sling-backed. I. Miller, 6 gns. Woollands, late March



Scarlet reptile shoe with slender back-strap, squared off heel. 9 gns. at Charles Jourdan.

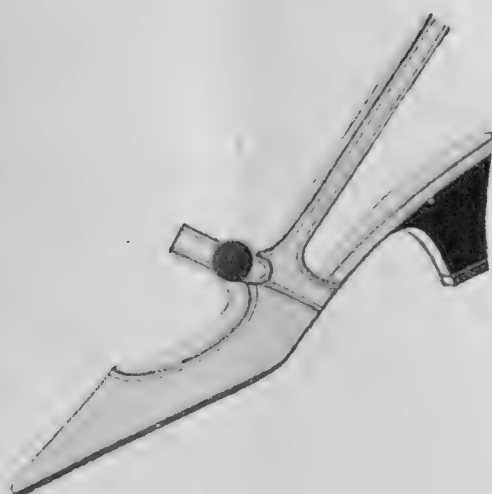
No-nonsense T-straps and a baby petersham heel on a navy blue leather slingback shoe. 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan



Sleek black bag of crystal silk with patent-edged flap. 14 gns. at Maggy Handbags, Burlington Arcade



Navy blue cobra shoe sheds its skin at the sides, above a slim heel. By Bective, 5 gns. at Dickins & Jones in mid-February.



Slingback shoe in mushroom calf adds chunky black patent heel, shiny button to match. 7 gns. at Russell & Bromley, late March



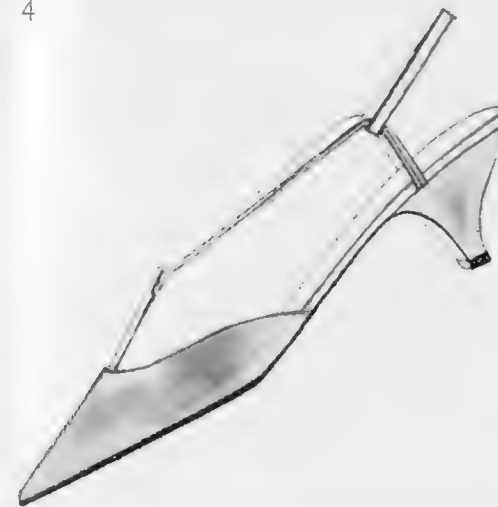
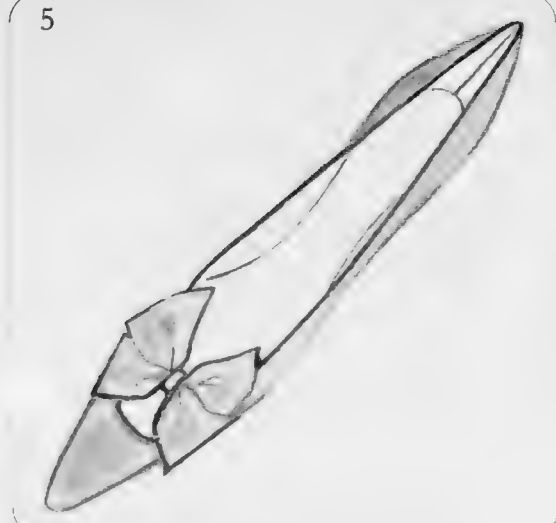
Silky black suede shoe sling-buckled to the foot has a high vamp, way-back heel. £3 9s. 11d. at Lotus & Delta

The new five o'clock feet

Sugar-sweet and simple dress named 'Lazy Bones' with a snow-white baby bodice and long black skirt in Dycel, fastened high above the waist with a long pink moire bow. Mary Quant Ginger Group, 9½ gns. at Bazaar, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Rackhams, Birmingham. White tear-drop earrings and pearl cluster ring by Jewelfcraft, 10s. 6d. each at Harrods. Silver and white lame shoes, 6½ gns. at Bally London Shoe, New Bond Street.

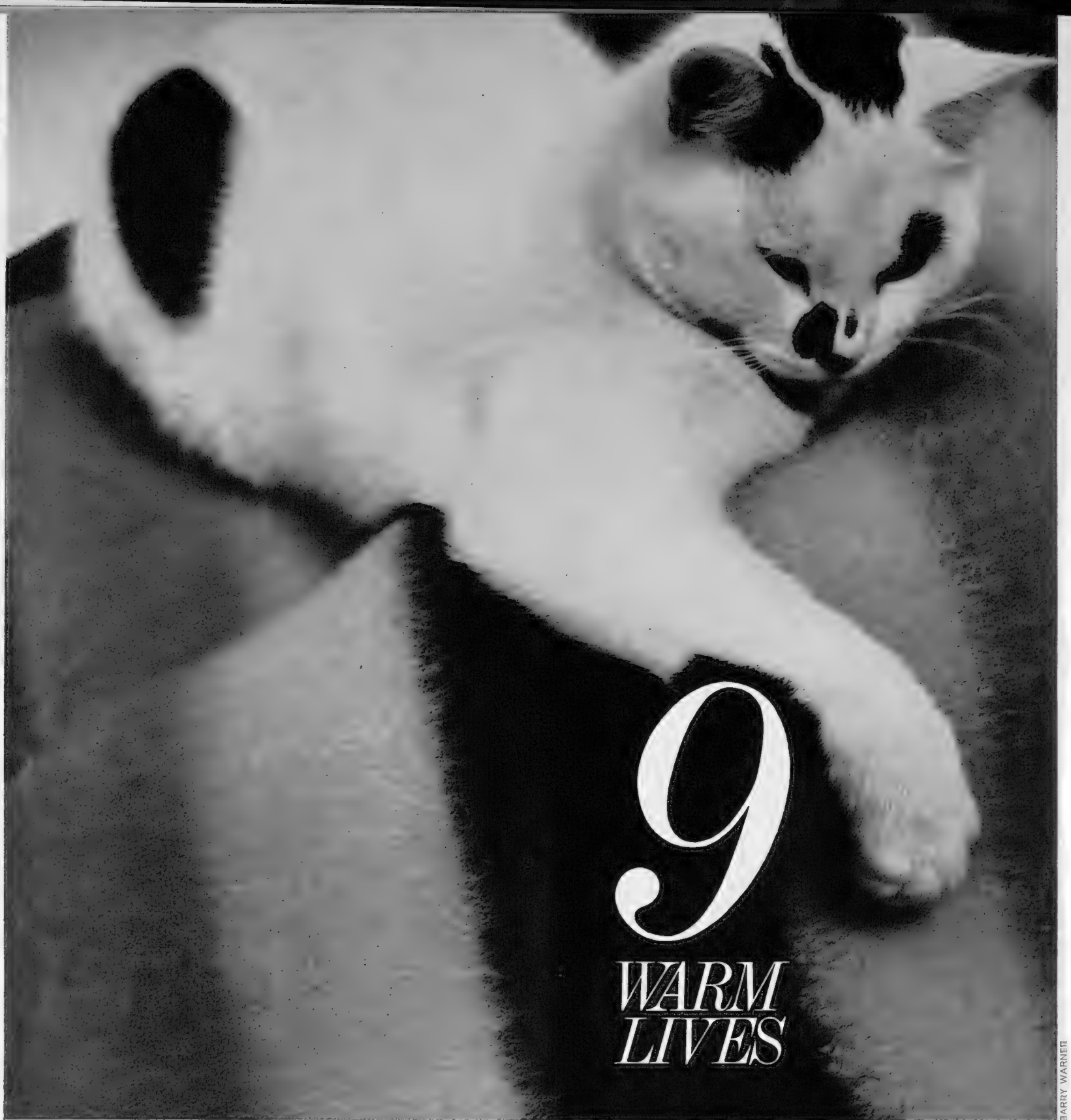


1 Animal attraction of zebra stripes (these are in emerald green and shocking pink) on silk. By Roger Vivier, 16 gns. at Rayne Delman
2 For gilt-edged evenings, a gold whipsnake shoe with an open toe, narrow slingback. By Bally, £3 9s. 11d. at Russell & Bromley, end of February
3 Glittering jewelled buckle on a black silk slingback shoe. 9 gns. at Charles Jourdan
4 Gold kid strung intricately together by a T-strap, elasticized slingback, gently rounded toe. £2 19s. 11d. at Lolcis
5 Silvery-gold evening shoe with a big bow at the toe, 5 gns. at Bally Boutique, Kings Road
6 & 7 Black satin evening purse partners a shoe with identical glittering bead embroidery. Purse, 30 gns. Shoe, 27 gns., both by Roger Vivier at Rayne, Old Bond Street
8 Daytime shapes for evening bags looming up—this one's got two elegantly looped handles, is in soft gold calf, holds most feminine fripperies. 10 gns. at the Bally Boutique



Shoes with a dazzling night life





BARRY WARNER

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

There is no reason why 1964 shouldn't be the warmest winter yet. Electric blankets have never been cosier or safer and the new batch of electric fan heaters make an instant impression on a cold room.

WARM as a cat (see picture) in an extra-weight pure wool Witney blanket in exciting stripes of fireside red and black on a cinnamon toast ground. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, race horses have been luxuriating under these superbly warm blankets that can be bought at saddlers like George Parker in St. Martin's Lane: 8 gns. by Charles Early.

WARM as toast electric blanket in a pretty pattern of falling leaves. Also by Charles Early and called "Floral," it costs £8 15s. for the double size at Marshall & Snelgrove.

WARM as a long-haired skin rug to go by the

fire, sling over a chair or bed. Liberty have many warm-haired animals in their carpet department.

WARM as a crisply designed electric fan heater that can make a room summer-day warm. The design by GEC in a range called Tropicana is particularly brisk and clean looking. It is slim enough to slip under a chair, stand on a table. Two kilowatt: £7 19s. 6d.

WARM, safe night life for children in man-made materials that won't flame. Though these man-mades are less pretty, most parents would agree they would rather see their child in a slightly less good-looking nightdress than no child at all. If you shop at Marks & Spencer, you will find all their nightwear is flame-resistant. Bairnswear and Ladybird are two manufacturers wide-awake to the nightdress problem.

WARM, draught-proof curtains really need interlining, but a single lining with a fabric called Milium will do the trick. This is an insulat-

ing fabric used for lining coats and it is made in lots of good colours. Felt is another good insulator and this is particularly good for made-in-a-minute curtains. It needs no hemming or Rufflette, just cut it in semi-circles like the curtains in French cafés or leave it plain to swing from rings. The prune and bright plummy pinks are decorator colours.

WARM plates always at the table with a French plate warmer that works rather like an electric blanket. The plates are piled inside, and it keeps ten plates warm. £4 10s. at Asprey.

WARM for freezing country walks or open car rides is the time-tested balaclava that just bares eyes and mouth. Herbert Johnson sell it in warm knitted wool: 3 gns.

WARM news for legs are home-knitted wool stockings. Women's Home Industries in West Halkin Street have snug ones ranging from fine to thick knit.

on plays

HOME IS WHERE YOUR PARTY IS

Mr. William Douglas Home's play, **The Reluctant Peer**, at the Duchess Theatre, is based on a situation in which an earl resigns his peerage on being appointed Prime Minister and then seeks election to the House of Commons. As the playwright is the brother of our present Prime Minister, who renounced his own peerage and sought re-election, one naturally expects a piquant political play with, possibly, overtones of satire. What one gets is a pleasantly straightforward evening of good humour rather than wit, with a great many mildly funny lines, the only fresh twist being the one which was obviously too good to resist: that the potential Prime Minister does not after all win his election.

In fact, this is nothing more or less than a classic drawing-room comedy about a Premier's campaign, when opposed by Labour and Liberal candidates from his own family, rather than the boring old triangle theme. The central situation is contemporary; nearly everything else including French windows, croquet games, flower cutting and arranging, and

echoes of shooting parties could have come straight from the twenties. There are three acts of two scenes each to add to the period flavour, a telephone as persistent as an extra character and a grand old family butler—a Tory to his stiff backbone—superbly played by Mr. Frank Pettingell. There is, however, not the wit of a Lonsdale or a Maugham.

One's regard for Mr. Naunton Wayne as an actor makes it difficult for one to find him miscast in practically any major role but there are two objections to him in the part of the Earl of Lister. One is that his slow charm is wasted on some of the least significant lines in the play and another is that if one is to take him seriously as Premier material then the future of the Cabinet and country seem dodgy, to say the least of it. The earl's mother is played with enormous vitality by Dame Sybil Thorndike who quite naturally dominates every scene in which she takes part and that means most of the scenes. Her daughter-in-law is an American lady (Miss Helen Horton) who shares the butler's rigidly

Tory principles and is tormented at the thought of her husband renouncing his title. The daughter (Miss Imogen Hassall) makes her first appearance fresh from Holloway where she has been jailed for some C.N.D. exploit.

This charming girl is soon joined by the young man she loves who has done *his* time at Wormwood Scrubs and makes his entrance to the family circle dressed in the almost ritual narrow corduroys and *collier de singe* beard. This John is also a Communist and when, later in their acquaintance, he asks Lord Lister whether he minds, the soon-to-be unbelted earl responds amiably: "Not if you don't." That, as a matter of fact, is a fair example of the dialogue, which all the way through depends a great deal on the degrees to which the performers can enliven it or inject it with the liveliness of their own personalities.

I should make it clear that the tone of the play throughout is light to the point of frivolity, with the dowager countess constantly using the telephone for her bets and wagering successively on horses or on her son's chances. With the exception of the American countess and the butler the characters are also broadminded to the point of asininity with only these two

left to uphold the old standards. The others are tolerant, whether of nuclear disarmament, prison terms, beards, boots or boorishness, to a hallucinating degree. But perhaps this is how they order things in Perthshire. No one can say that the playwright is not in a position to know. As the play ambles cheerfully along no one character is developed more than another, though perhaps one could appropriately lay a shade of odds in favour of Mr. Pettingell's butler who reveals himself not only as a feudal bulwark but as a master of the telephoned exchange. There is particularly one moment when he answers this demanding instrument and with an ineffable smile says: "*The Times?*" which is one of the better occasions of the evening.

Admittedly, if it were not for the scintillating Dame Sybil and for Mr. Wayne the Duchess's stage would be very much duller. Dame Sybil has always known how to wear a cardigan with the air of a Roman toga and to generate warmth and immediacy in the most trivial of lines. As for Mr. Wayne there is no word but that overworked one of charm to fit his combination of lazy good temper and perfect timing. This is an amusing evening and a play which makes no demands on its audience.



Meeting point between the generations in William Douglas Home's play *The Reluctant Peer*. Sybil Thorndike plays the Dowager Lady Lister, whose son has relinquished his peerage in order to become Prime Minister, and Imogen Hassall is her granddaughter fresh from Holloway, where she landed after some C.N.D. activity

on films

A COMEDY FOR PIPEDREAMERS

Anyone who, like myself, regards take-over bids and property tycoons with the dignified disfavour of the impecunious, will almost certainly enjoy **Ladies Who Do**—an amiable little comedy, written by Mr. Michael Pertwee, which is so highly topical that one ardently wishes it were not, at the same time, so highly improbable. How nice it would be if we *could* get in among the speculators and snatch ourselves a million or two from Messrs...oh, *you* know who I mean: those wicked wizards who ruthlessly make themselves a fresh fortune every other day.

Secretly, of course, we envy them the know-how, and if it could, as the film suggests, be acquired by rummaging through their waste-paper baskets, one would (almost) be prepared to turn office cleaner tomorrow. The idea that there must be lots of useful information lying around in City offices occurs to Mr. Robert Morley when his char, the formidable Miss Peggy Mount, gives him (as wrapping to a cigar) a scrap of paper on which a Stock Exchange tip has been scribbled by Mr. Harry H. Corbett, an up-and-coming property tycoon who happens to be another of Miss Mount's employers.

Mr. Morley, as inveterate a gambler in the film as he is in real life, utilizes the tip, makes £5,000 which he shares with Miss Mount—and bingo! They're on the way to the big money.

Miss Mount under Mr. Morley's instructions, enlists the help of three cleaner-colleagues (the Misses Miriam Karlin, Avril Elgar and Dandy Nichols)—and daily they dump before him the waste-paper gleanings from their various jobs. The Ladezudo Company (ouch!) is formed and in no time its capital has soared to £26,000.

Rashly Mr. Morley invests the lot in a pig factory in Ireland—and loses it when swine fever kills the poor beasts off. "Five minutes ago we had 150,000 pigs—now we haven't so much as a ham sandwich between us," says Miss Mount ruefully. But she's a woman of spirit and she has learned two things from that City slicker, Mr. Corbett: (a) that he intends to pull down Pitt Street, where she lives with her friends, to make room for a huge block of offices—and (b) that if you haven't any capital yourself, there are perfectly legal ways and means of using other people's.

She explains the technique to Mr. Morley and, as she's determined her street shall not be demolished for Mr. Corbett's benefit, bids him see what he can do on the lines suggested. This is where the film really gets going. The scenes (well directed by Mr. C. Pennington-Richards) in which Mr. Corbett and his bulldozers are stymied by a host of blandly obstructive Mrs. Mops are extremely funny and the final flourish with which Mr. Morley brings Mr.

Corbett to his knees is quite magnificent.

Mr. Corbett seems a little ill at ease in his City bowler and natty gent's suitings, and puts in rather too much eye-work—but Miss Mount, who is as endearing as a steamroller (didn't you *love* steamrollers when you were small?), gives a sterling and sonorous performance and Mr. Morley is himself, which is just what one wants.

Mr. Peter Kass's strange and, I thought, gripping film, **Time Of The Heathen**, seeks to combine a study of vicious racial prejudice in the Deep South with a "Ban The Bomb" message—which is rather an ambitious undertaking, especially as the film is the director's first. A white youth (Mr. Stewart Heller) on a Southern farm has just raped and killed a young Negress when her little boy (Master Barry Collins) and a gaunt white stranger with a tortured face (Mr. John Heffernan) arrive on the scene—simultaneously with the brutal farmer (Mr. Orville Steward).

The farmer knows his son is the murderer but decides to put the blame on the stranger and shoot him and Master Collins before calling the Sheriff. Mr. Heffernan and the little boy manage to escape and, as the beastly farmer hunts them through the beautiful landscape (beautifully photographed, too) we discover the child is dumb and the man deranged: "I had no choice—I didn't know," he says, over and over again.

It is not until he is half-dead and in delirium that his words are explained. He took part in the bombing of Hiroshima and the dreadful carnage it caused (terrifyingly recalled in a startling, coloured montage se-

quence) will haunt him as long as he lives. He doesn't live long, poor devil; the farmer sees to that.

Though the film tends to be a little confusing, it has a compelling quality and is most convincingly acted. It's certainly worth seeing.

The Russian film, **Ivan's Childhood**, the first major work of the young director Mr. Andrei Tarkovsky, is similarly somewhat confusing but it strikes me as one of the best anti-war films I have ever seen. It contains a remarkable performance by a twelve-year-old boy—Master Kolya Burlayev, the Ivan of the title. The tragedy of Ivan's childhood is that war has robbed him of it—along with his parents and his sister—and turned him into a veteran soldier, serving as a scout on the Russian front.

He carries out his duties like a man—penetrating the German lines to bring back information on troop movements for the Russians—but in sleep he becomes a boy again, romping with his teasing sister, finding with his pretty mother a star magically shining in daylight at the bottom of a well, running across gleaming sands, watching the horses nibbling at apples strewn on the beach. These sequences are extraordinarily lovely—full of light and innocence and joy. The film may not be wholly explicit—but if you miss it you will have missed something beautiful.

I am a mite tired of golden-hearted, foul-mouthed Roman prostitutes and their troubles—so not even the superb Signorina Anna Magnani could interest me very much in this hackneyed role in **Mamma Roma**.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

on books

WIDOWS' WEEK

Thrillers and bloods, which have lost a lot of magic for me, are still nice easy reading for the dead end of the year when the decent thing to do would be to join the bears in their caves. **Picture of Millie** by P. M. Hubbard (Michael Joseph 18s.) is a jolly mystery with a good background—a small sailing harbour, with a river, cliffs, ancient stone age fortifications, a successful small-scale hotel with regular clients, and the corpse of the visiting sex-

box washing in gently on the tide, in sharkskin trousers, blue shrunken jersey, one white shoe and no lifejacket.

It's the way I like my thrillers—far more interesting on the edges than in the centre where people are worrying about a possible murder. There is a very good nice mother, anxious most of the time about three small girls but still aware of beautiful fishermen; a cross girl growing up miserably; a drunken sailor and an upright

soldier; some fearful women, and the least resistible rich mystery man ever outrageously over-glamourized in a thriller. There's an excellent house too, and some interesting sailing, and Millie was the last person I cared about at all.

As there are only five or six of the very best thriller plots in existence (mine is still the one about the Gothic library, the stately butler and the poor grand lady in the West Wing eating paper-thin bread and butter and screaming aloud in her madness), you must salute Elizabeth Fenwick's American thriller **The Make-Believe Man** (Gollancz 16s.) for being based on that agreeable and grisly primitive story about the lone widow-woman with

her only son barricaded into a silent house while something comes tap-tapping at the door. This one is decorated very satisfactorily with a psychopath, a little door that opens for you to take your milk in, a faithful simple Mum, a chain on the door and a nice solid businessman to look after the lone widow-woman once she is saved—far too many thriller-writers think it's enough for her simply to avoid being chopped into messes.

The Darkening Green by Elizabeth Clarke (Faber 25s.) is an odd book—ravishingly produced, with pastoral decorations by Richard Shirley-Smith—about a widow living on her father's farm and fast going blind. I'm not sure I see

why the blindness is there at all—a country journal of a year's happenings would have done surely just as well and more simply. Faintly it reminded me of the heightened "country" writing of that most haunting and elegant stylist, the late Margiad Evans. It's enormously readable and has great charm—and I have to take it for granted that this is the old-fashioned way they farm, as it were by hand, in Dartmoor country, since the sort of farming I know involves mechanical pipeline milking and driverless tractors programmed to come in out of the rain.

Briefly . . . I Was James the Second's Queen by Bryan Bevan (Heinemann 25s.), turns out to be a pleasant, first-person life of that kind lady with vast rabbit eyes and one of those Lely bodices that slips no matter how hard the wearer clings and struggles . . .

The Other Woman I Am by Geneviève Gennari translated into American by Linda Asher (Constable 18s.) is one of those enormously solemn and portentous French novels that beguile one quite well in their own language and seem impossible in English. It is a story about a recently widowed woman (this is Widow Week) and her attempts to readjust to life—"The plight of the superfluous woman in today's society," says the blurb, ponderously blowing its nose and calling for a respectful hush, "is here investigated delicately and deeply." Oh well. I felt if the lady hadn't been such a drag, her plight might have been less dismal. "Springtime awoke late, but abruptly; the day Jean-Christoph left, and everything around me began to burst into bud, as it does after a long winter. To go to the station with Jean-Christoph I take out my royal-blue coat; it is warm out and I was

sweltering in my black woollen things. Its blue heightens my colouring, makes me pretty. 'How young you look,' Jean-Christoph exclaims, and I laugh: 'That's because I wasn't very old when you were born.' Oh no, it can't be done.

Hill Towns of Italy by Lillian Notestein (Hutchinson 30s.) is a simple, pleasant, rather pricy book, prettily illustrated by David Gentleman . . . A. S. Byatt's novel **Shadow of a Sun** (Chatto & Windus 21s.) is sensitive, elaborate and without a shadow of a laugh, the story of a conflict between a famous novelist, his disturbed and tiresome daughter, and her awful nagging lover. The writing is always intelligent, and the climate morose and full of gloom. . . . And **The Journey's Echo** (Faber 21s.) is a collection of extracts from the spare, beautiful, brilliant prose of Freya Stark, most of it about travel, all of it about life, boned down

as warm and dry as sand, illuminating and characteristic always of a mind of great wisdom and charm.



TONY EVANS

Howard Hodgkin shares a two-man show with Allen Jones at Tooth's. Liveliness and humour characterize his work which Robert Wraight reviews next week

GERALD LASCELLES

on records

FROM MINK TO GILT-EDGED

I was rather surprised to find that Peggy Lee's last album was called **Mink Jazz** (Capitol), and even more taken aback when I heard a Juke Box Jury pronounce a "miss" verdict on one of her tracks. Miss Lee is so clearly in the sable class, both as a singer and a swinger, that I fail to understand how all her records do not come into the "hit" class. You have only to listen to the impeccable way in which she treats such tricky tunes as *Whisper not* and *Close your eyes* to realize that this is the hallmark of a true artist. She has captured the art of singing ballads in an era when

this medium is frankly unfashionable, and pulls it off to perfection. The accompaniments by Benny Carter and Max Bennett add zest to a thoroughly enjoyable album.

The combined efforts of arranger Quincy Jones and Count Basie's Bull band help Ella Fitzgerald, surely one of the gilt-edged voices in jazz, to make her best album of 1963. This collection of vintage themes is obviously angled towards her regular admirers, but I believe that it will entice people on to her fan-list who would not normally buy her recorded works. **Ella & Basie**

(Verve) is an outstanding example of the close collaboration which can be enjoyed between singer and band, with Quincy's sensitive and perceptive arrangements as the final catalyst in a memorable session.

Then there is this astonishing collection of Jazz at the Philharmonic. It is old hat to remind readers that Norman Granz has been working this gimmick for close on 15 years, and that some frequently important and always interesting music has resulted from the vast and inconsequential gathering of top-flight jazzmen he presents at these festive beanos. In his most recent excursion Granz has brought about some desirable marriages, and my only regret is that, despite the fact that the four-album collection is titled **In Europe** (Verve), we never had the opportunity to hear them in this country.

The habitual and completely anomalous habit of critics to categorize musicians in such simple brackets as mainstream and modern could, in this instance, be used to divide the 16 performers into two groups, with rather more falling into the modern than the earlier segment.

It would be ridiculous for me to pretend to review in detail the results of some 2½ hours' recording, which in turn is probably the end-product of perhaps five or six hours' taped concert excerpts. Instead I have chosen a few pieces which illustrate the type of music and

the contrasting and complementary styles portrayed. The first is a 13-minute version of *All the things you are*, in which trumpeter Roy Eldridge opens, followed by the full-throated tenor sound of Coleman Hawkins in three choruses; succeeding him is tenorist Don Byas, once a doyen of the Basie reed section and now a permanent expatriate who lives in Holland. Don is succeeded in turn by Stan Getz, who leans heavily on Parker, but achieves the sound which was developed by the late Lester Young.

Another aspect is in the make-up of a solo on a theme such as *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Getz bases his improvisations on arpeggios, while trombonist J. J. Johnson makes his big play on the use of one or two frequently repeated notes in the vital harmonic framework. The most important aspect here is that both produce good solos by any standard. Then there is the Bardot-dedicated blues, a fast high-flying piece which features Benny Carter on alto, Hawkins and Byas on tenor, and Roy Eldridge on trumpet. Carter's graceful gliding turn of note relates closely to the more searching probes which the two tenors extend into the anatomy of blues playing.

In some peculiar way it is Byas, so long absent from the creative centre of jazz, who has the last word, and disproves the well-worn theory that age is the multiplying factor in assessing every man's handicap in the jazz race.



Dandy Nichols, Miriam Karlin and Peggy Mount are the leading charladies in the film *Ladies Who Do* (reviewed opposite). Here they celebrate their victory over property man Harry H. Corbett's plan to replace their homes with luxury offices

on galleries

MAD THOUGHTS FROM YOUTH

There is, I suppose, a "mad O'Casey woman" in most people's lives. In mine she is called "Penny Whistle." A pathetic, demented creature, who wore a tin whistle on a string around her neck, she was probably under 40, but to me and my childhood friends she was an old woman. Or, rather, an old witch. She haunted the park where we played, a sort of female St. Francis who spent her days feeding the birds that came to her in answer to a call on her whistle. We followed her around, taunting her and frightening the birds away, but if she turned on us we ran away in real terror.

The last time I saw her she was standing on the edge of the pond in the park blowing the whistle, like a frantic referee in a Spanish football match, at two fighting swans (or, maybe, they were only ducks). It was a bitterly cold day but when the swans (or ducks) refused to take any notice of her she lifted her skirts and strode into the

water to separate them.

The last time I heard of her was during the last war when the local newspaper recorded that she had been killed when a bomb dropped on an air raid shelter in the park. The Birds' Friend the paper called her and gave her real name as Lady something-or-other. She had, it said, been feeding the birds for more than 20 years, ever since her husband was killed in World War One.

I tell you this because suddenly it is all very much on my conscience again, put there by an exhibition of paintings called **The Mad Mrs. O'Casey Series** at the Roland, Browse & Delbanco Gallery. This is a first exhibition by Peter Behan, a 24-year-old Dubliner of whom I had never heard before but with whom I feel an affinity through the obvious resemblance between my Penny Whistle and his Mrs. O'Casey.

Behan (yes, he is some sort of relative of the other Behans) recalls that the mad O'Casey

woman lived in Dublin, near Phoenix Park, and that when he was a child he and his friends persecuted her cruelly. He grew up and came to this country, and the spectre of Mrs. O'Casey came with him, to haunt him and to take revenge. It was that which drove him, during the past three years, to produce these extraordinary paintings in a prolonged act of exorcism. Technically they are clumsy and amateurish but they have a crude strength and directness that is at once repellent and compelling.

Their titles tell the story—*Mad Mrs. O'Casey linking daisies in Phoenix Park*, *Persecution of mad Mrs. O'Casey*, *Crucifixion of the mad O'Casey woman*, etc. They are literary paintings that call to mind the *Half-caste Bride* series of pictures by Arthur Boyd and Sidney Nolan's *Mrs. Fraser* suite. Either of those gifted Australian artists could have made a better pictorial job of the O'Casey story than Behan has, but neither of them has so far produced anything in which they showed themselves so intensely emotionally involved as he evidently is in this. It was not only the fact that I had just come from the Royal Academy that made me wonder what Goya would have made of Mrs. O'Casey.

Behan was certainly a surprise packet, all the more so because I had gone to Roland, Browse & Delbanco's to see the work of John Selway, a painter as different from Peter Behan as T. S. Eliot is from Brendan Behan. Selway, who is 25 and whose first one-man show this is, is a promising product of the Royal College of Art whose handling of paint is unusually sensitive for so young an artist. In his paintings human beings have a place only as "figures," as objects in an environment of air, land and water. There is no involvement with them as people. But his approach to his subject is not one of arid intellectualism. Although stemming partly from Impressionism the way in which he uses colour to create, or recreate, atmosphere is largely instinctive.

It represents a new development in his mode of expression during the past few years as may be seen from the one painting in the exhibition which dates from 1960, *White Sea*, *Rossilli* a grey and white piece of abstract impressionism. Now he appears to be evolving a personal language of colour in which he is not yet wholly articulate but which promises to develop in an exciting way.

J. ROGER BAKER

on opera

CARMEN SETTLES DOWN

Contrary to popular opinion, nothing pleases a reviewer more than being able to issue unqualified praise. Really good things are depressingly few, and when one does come along there is an immediate recharge of faith and hope. Such is the effect of the revival of **Carmen**, currently to be seen at Sadler's Wells. When it first appeared just over two years ago the production was not entirely satisfactory, and I hesitantly said that when it settled down it would be an asset to the repertory. It has not merely settled down, but settled into a slightly different shape, ultimately more convincing. Two years of touring and cast changes have not taken their usual toll, and the company attacks it as though for the first time. This is due largely to the Carmen herself, Joyce Blackham, and to the restaging of John Blatchley.

It has been said that Carmen

is like Hamlet, a part so various, so open to different interpretations that it would be difficult to find a totally dull performance. Of the score or so Carmens I have seen, Miss Blackham outshines them all simply because she combines so expertly the three necessary qualities to make an ideal interpreter. First she is extremely glamorous. Perhaps her conception of a gypsy approaches the standards of 20th-century Hollywood rather than 19th-century Spain (or France). Nor is that a facetious comparison since she makes herself up to look particularly dusky and with a bright pink lipstick her resemblance to Dorothy Dandridge in *Carmen Jones* is striking. Those who are more used to watching a heavy contralto show a tentative shoulder may find Miss Blackham's uninhibited glamour off-putting; but for me, it is exactly how Carmen

should be. But looks without character are meaningless and this Carmen has her own particular individuality. She is no prima donna; it is her looks and vitality that make her the natural leader of her group of friends, not her dresses or big arias. In modern terms she could be, say, a smart teddy-girl in *Z Cars*.

She has zest, magnetism, an appetite for life, and underlying all a strong sense of fate which is indicated long before the card scene comes up; and when she throws her legs in the air it is not to show them off to the audience (though the audience is pleased to see them) but to support the promise of the rose, fading in Don Jose's pocket.

Finally, perhaps the most important, the voice. Miss Blackham's is basically lightweight (though I am assured it carries well to the gallery) but capable of wide range—another triumph of hers is the title role in *La Belle Hélène*, a brilliant soprano part. For me the testing moments in *Carmen* are the card scene and final duet, both of which are managed powerfully, the voice darkened and well sustained in the one, snarling at times in

the other. Her experience in the Offenbach has possibly helped her to bring a scintillating lightness to her more coquettish music in the first act.

So complete is this characterisation that there are times when it is impossible to tell when a certain effect is due to looks, acting or voice, they are so closely linked.

John Barton's original production was initially praised and blamed for its realism. It has been restaged by John Blatchley and some of the original incidents are missing, notably Carmen's packet of sandwiches. But it is now more logical and the four acts are carefully related. The costumes and sets—no frivolous musical-comedy parade of mantillas and fans—have worn well, and the other principals give Miss Blackham convincing support. John Matheson conducts, giving one of his best performances too. I have gone on at length about this production because it is simply so outstanding and shows the heights to which Sadler's Wells can rise occasionally. *Carmen* is being performed at least once a week (sometimes more) until April—so go.

Disaster!



BARRY WARNER

GOOD LOOKS BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Disastrous setbacks to good looks include the shattered mirror or the broken nail the moment before the party; the sudden spot on a hitherto flawless skin; the elaborate hairdo that disappears two days after a set. Newest treatment aimed at skin blemishes is called appropriately Disaster Cream. It has a drying, healing touch and should be preceded by thorough cleansing with Velvet foam (this is a product that foams on like soap but unlike soap has no drying action). It's speedy in action if used the moment you suspect a blemish. Both products are by Charles of the Ritz who recommend also the use of their medicated lotion under make-up during the day to supplement this treatment.

The solution to a broken nail is an artificial one disguised with your own nail polish to look convincingly real. Eylure (who make the fooling eye lashes) make supplementary nails too. Nails that tend to break should not be filed too closely at the sides. Feed weak ones with Mavala—a cream that does a good strengthening job.

Vast circular rollers are the answer to a failing hairstyle. Get it back in good shape by rolling hair on to the really big ones (Galeries Lafayette sell the right giant size that comes from France) and letting the steam of a hot bath set it. Then scoop it back from the face like the girl in the picture with a narrow, bendy bandeau. If you hate even mild pinning up at night, use these rollers first thing with a cloud of hair spray and leave for an hour or so.

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

With eggs now 3s. to 4s. a dozen we can afford to practise making soufflés and other egg dishes which require a little more than ordinary skill. If your soufflés always disappoint, it is probably because they did not rise properly. It is the egg whites, into which you should have beaten millions of infinitesimal bubbles of air which, when the heat reaches them, expand the mixture to the light-as-air finish for which you hoped.

First, remember that the slightest film of grease will prevent the whites from being whipped to the meringue-like stage. Even when you know that the basin and whisk, or beaters of the electric mixer, are clean, either may carry an unseen film of fat. Get rid of it this way.

Fill the basin with hot water and add a little soapless detergent to it. Put the whisk or beater in the water and leave it there while you get on with other preparations. Then swish around and finally rinse in more hot water and dry both whisk and basin thoroughly. See too that not the slightest speck of yolk is left in the whites, as this also would prevent effective whipping.

It is a good idea to start with a soufflé dish which is rather

too large, so that the mixture will rise very little above the rim. Later, as one becomes more adept with experience, a slightly smaller dish can be used so that the final result will be a soufflé risen well above the rim without the need of using a paper collar.

To begin with, I suggest a CHEESE SOUFFLÉ, made with Parmesan because this cheese is dry and there is no tendency for it to become stringy. Later, use Parmesan and Gruyère, half-and-half. For 5 to 6 servings, butter a 2- to 2½-pint soufflé dish and sprinkle the inside all over with grated Parmesan. Set the oven to reach a temperature of 400 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 6 by the time the soufflé is ready.

Melt 1½ oz. of butter in a saucepan large enough for all the ingredients, remembering that the chipped egg whites will be bulky. Slowly simmer 1½ oz. of flour in the butter until the centre of the mixture be-

comes white. Remove and stir in just under ½ pint of scalded milk. Return to the heat and stir as it comes to the boil and makes a good rich sauce. Add a few grains of Cayenne pepper.

Separate the yolks of 4 eggs from the whites, making sure that not a spot of the yolks is in the whites. Beat the egg yolks and 2½ oz. of grated Parmesan into the sauce. Taste and add a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg and salt and white pepper to your liking.

Whip the egg whites. There is a certain skill about this, too. No matter what you use—a hand whisk or a rotary or electric beaters—start slowly in order to gather the thick part of the whites into the body of the whisk or beaters. When this is slightly broken down, increase the speed of the whisking or beating. When the whites reach the meringue stage—they should hold a sharp peak when the whisk is lifted from them—add a good tablespoon

to the yolk mixture and mix it well in. Add the remaining whipped whites and fold them in with a metal spoon.

Draw the spoon around from the bottom of the pan and bring up the bottom of the mixture and cut across. Repeat this, always bringing up the bottom of the mixture to the top. The mixture must be well mixed but not so much as to lose all the air beaten in.

Turn into the prepared dish and, to encourage it to rise straight up, do what my favourite chef always does—run the tip of your finger around the soufflé about half-an-inch from the rim. Or use a small spoon.

Soufflés need strong bottom heat. For this reason, some chefs place the dish for a minute on the hot top of their stove to get this extra "lift." But, by this time, the baking sheet in your oven should be very hot. Place the dish on it and bake for 20 to 25 minutes. If baked for 20 minutes, the soufflé will have a very soft centre and will not wait but must be served at once. If for 25 minutes, it will be firmer and not be so likely to sink so easily. If you like the soufflé to be pudding-like, turn off the heat and leave it in the oven for another 5 minutes.

DAVID MORTON

MAN'S WORLD

COSSACKS TO THE RESCUE

Ask a farmer how things are going and nine times out of ten a torrent of misery is unleashed. A few years ago it was the same with hatters, who had invested a great deal of money in telling us how to get ahead, but couldn't quite manage to do so themselves, due to the persistent and malicious way most of us had of going bareheaded in even the dirtiest weather. The hatters turned and slanged the poor rabbits for succumbing to myxomatosis and thus becoming unavailable to the felt industry.

Life was hard for the hatters, as one could see by standing on the corner, watching all the (bare) heads go by. Things weren't really helped by a spell of mad-hattery, which saw a rash of funny hats with plastic golf-clubs, motorcars, tennis racquets and twelve-bores attached to the bands. Understandably, more of these were seen in hatter's windows than on heads. The hatters then turned to Frank Sinatra for inspiration, and came up with a natty line in light straws with deep and colourful bannanna bands. Many felt that a hat like this needed a host of accessories such as drinks, cigarettes and microphones,

and holding these didn't leave a hand free to raise the hat to a lady. However, they had some success—a tribute to the Englishman's faith in the warm weather and his sex appeal.

The smile on the hatters' faces broadened when the Atlantic and Delta styles were introduced. The first is a deeper crowned felt hat (rabbits having developed some immunity to myxomatosis by now) with a narrow snap-front brim and a deep band. Younger men liked them and still do, as they team well with the shorter topcoats and boxy silhouette of today.

Older men went for the Delta, with its rolled side brims and narrow silhouette; now it is today's formal hat. But much was still to be done; too many heads are still bare.

The style that has really hit the jackpot is perhaps the least expected one. It's not especially new. It originates in a country with which our relations have been somewhat strained to say the least. It was seen in its

early stages on the head of the last Prime Minister, a man with a lofty disregard for the foibles of fashion.

The hat in question is, of course, the Cossack. From Bond Street to local High Street, these hats have sold out in all prices—from 2 to 50 guineas—and in all materials—mink, seal, Persian lamb, astrakhan, or imitation fur. A year ago there were only a few Cossack hats to be found in London: Moss Bros. had a few which they hired to businessmen following Mr. MacMillan's footsteps in the snow to Moscow. Perhaps it was last year's cold, cold winter that made men invest in a Cossack, or perhaps it was a feeling for the East-West *detente*; anyway, the hatters are having quite a job keeping up with demand, which has outstripped their production. Canada and Scandinavia have been asked to supply more Cossack hats to Britain, which must be a sacrifice on their

part with the cold they have to put up with. Moss Bros. and Harrods both report that real fur Cossacks are selling fast up to 12 guineas, and Scotts sold out completely in December at prices up to 16 guineas. 1963 turned out to be the best year since the war for the hat trade.

The Hatters' Information centre puts up a couple of reasons for the popularity of these hats. It may be, they say, that the Cossack shape suits most men, being brimless or having at most a cuff. Or again, men may have learned that the brain has first call on the heat supplied by the body—so wearing a hat keeps the hands and feet warm. In addition they have news of a plot. "Ideas are going around amongst hatters for keeping the style going throughout the year." I was appalled at first when I read this. Were the hatters going to lower the air temperatures artificially with giant ice blocks? Did they have advance information from Tyros about a zero Centigrade summer? No. It seems they plan to make up Cossacks for summer wear in lightweight materials. So we may see cotton Cossacks in gingham checks—perish the thought.

DUDLEY NOBLE

MOTORING

THE AUTOMATIC BREAKTHROUGH

In America there are literally millions of motorists who have never wrestled with a gear lever, even if they are 30 and more years old. Three out of four cars on U.S. roads have automatic transmission, and that is a lot of motor cars—best part of 50 million, I believe. Over here we like to do things the hard way and, though several British firms have offered it as an optional extra for the past year or two, the number of cars so fitted is still comparatively small. That position may change quite rapidly now Ford of Dagenham are pushing Borg-Warner automatic transmission on their medium-powered range and offering a Cortina thus equipped at less than £700—£685 13s. 9d. to be exact. This price is for the two-door saloon fitted with the 1500 engine, and all the models except the G.T. and Lotus in this and the Corsair range can have the same self-changing gear for an extra £82 3s. 4d. over and above their list price, purchase tax included.

Is it worth while? In my opinion yes. I have driven many a car fitted with automatic transmission and have no hesitation in saying that, when one has to do a lot of driving in traffic, it is a wonderful relief not to be continually pushing out the clutch and moving the gearlever. Fords made an experimental test of what this means by letting Anita Taylor to drive an ordinary Corsair with manual four-speed gear from Dagenham to Heathrow airport—3 miles through London traffic—and she had to change gear 91 times. The Ford boffins worked out that this meant exerting a force of 8,960 foot pounds (equivalent, they said, to walking up umpteen flights of steps). Maybe this is good exercise, but if you are not young and healthy there is a good case to be made out for letting the transmission do its own gearchanging and clutch pushing. In traffic, too, you can crawl along without having to keep your foot on the clutch pedal and slipping it, which is something that most clutches heartily dislike. Then, when it comes to accelerating away from traffic stops, a hard press down on the throttle pedal will send the car hurtling away in a style that few drivers can achieve with a gearlever.

Is automatic transmission reliable? Yes, indeed it is, and I base this statement on the experience of a friend who runs a big car hire business; he tells me that he gets less trouble

with a Borg-Warner than with an ordinary clutch and gearbox—and he uses a large number of both types. Also, the Borg-Warner people have introduced a replacement service whereby a complete new transmission unit will be available

to owners of Ford and B.M.C. cars at a cost of £35.

What are the drawbacks to a self-changing gearbox? To my mind the main one is that when you start up in the morning with everything cold there is a tendency for the car to

“creep” as soon as you put the control lever into drive (which is forward motion) or reverse. One has to keep the handbrake on firmly while this is done, especially with the choke out and the engine idling fast. Next, if you stall your engine in traffic, the starter will not operate until the selector has been put back into neutral position, and this is a bit of an irritation if your engine is prone to that sort of thing, which many are as they lose their bloom of youth. Another little thing I have against automatic transmissions as we know them at present is that you cannot have an overdrive as well.

On motorways and other fast roads it is pleasant to burble along on a super top gear, such as an overdrive provides, to say nothing of its petrol saving. This does, in fact, give me my final “anti” point; automatic transmission is a bit heavier on fuel. By and large, however, I am sure that it will gain popularity with British motorists as time goes on, and will do so all the quicker as its extra cost comes down—which, of course, it will as more and more car buyers order it.

Since Fords announced their automatic Cortinas and Corsairs, Rootes have brought out their new Sunbeam Alpine with the option of the same two-pedal transmission. It adds rather more to the car's list price than in the case of the Fords—£90 12s. 6d.—but has the novel feature that the selector lever is placed in the same central position on the floor as the normal gearlever. Rootes do a big business in North America with the Alpine, and believe that this development may bring in even more orders from across the Atlantic.

They certainly have made a good-looker of this new Sunbeam, with its smartened lines, greater engine refinement (the 1.6 litre four-cylinder unit now has an output of 87.7 b.h.p., yet runs more smoothly than before and is better on petrol with its compound carburetter which stays automatically in tune), improved suspension and abolition of greasing points.

There are two versions, a sports tourer at £852 8s. 9d., and a *gran turismo* with hard-top as standard equipment at £912 17s. 1d. Both are highly finished with de luxe upholstery, heater, walnut-veneered fascia panel and matching wood rim to the steering wheel—all this and 100 m.p.h. too, into the bargain.



Above: once the selector lever under the steering wheel of the Ford Cortina Automatic has been set to “D” (drive) the transmission changes gear for itself without declutching. Below: the latest Sunbeam Alpine is Europe's first two-pedal volume production 1½-litre sports car, being offered with automatic transmission as an optional extra



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She is the daughter of Captain J. T. & the Hon. Mrs. Price, of Langlee, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, Scotland. *He* is the son of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., and of Lady Gilbey, Grey Walls, Cirencester

3 Miss Wanda Krystyna Hermione Mostyn to Captain Terence Percyvall Hart Dyke:

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She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Goddard, of Harmony Hall, Barbados. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Hugh Radcliffe, of Woodhay, Windlesham, Surrey

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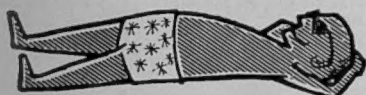
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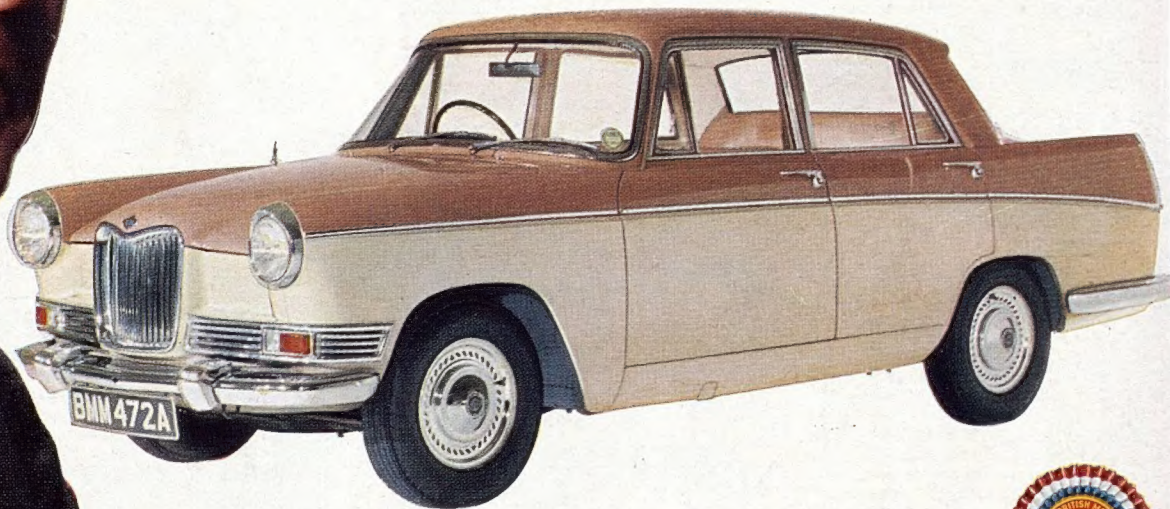
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